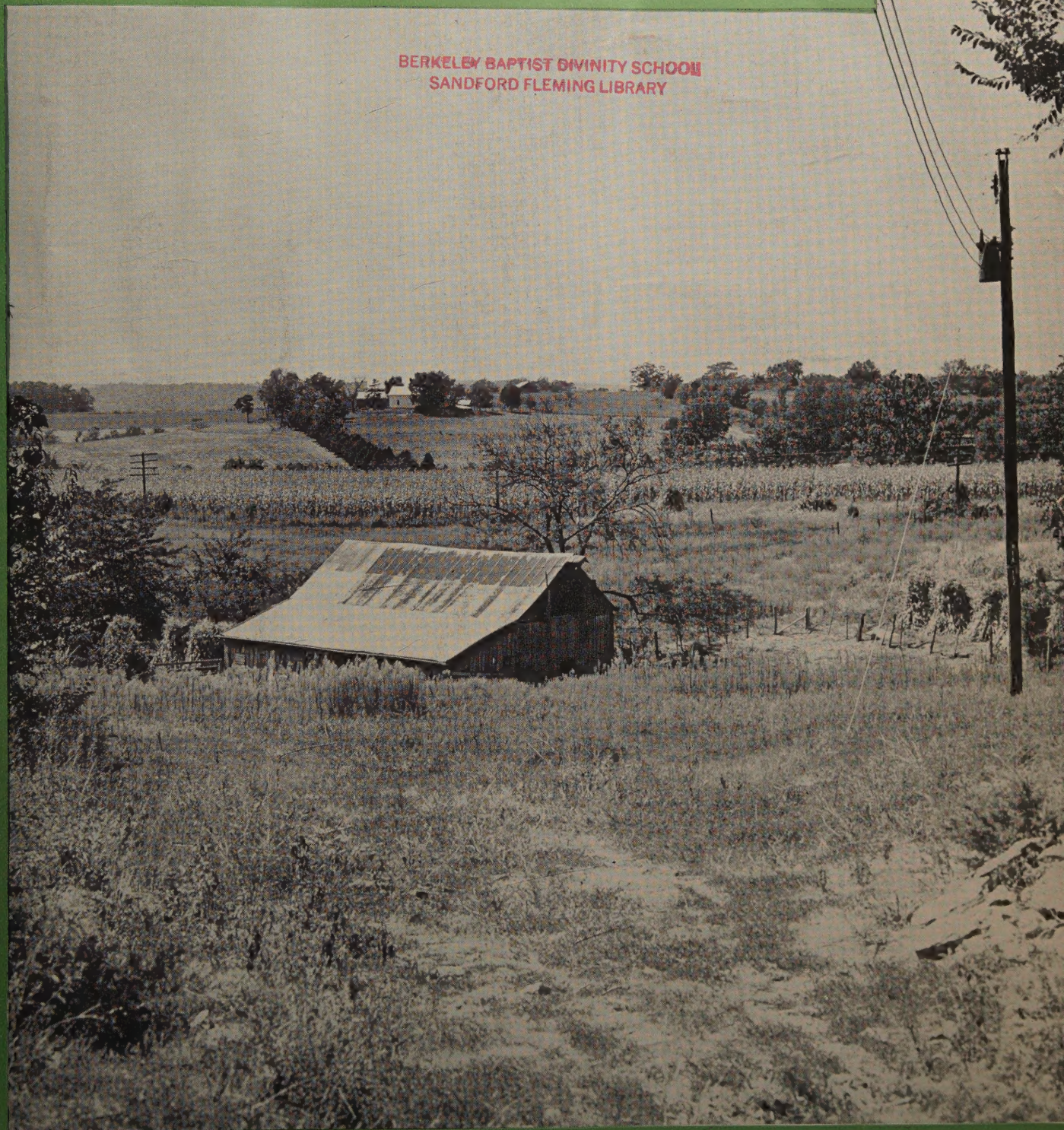


*The* *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
**Hearthstone**

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- **Each Child Is an Individual—*Jean B. Hamm***
- **Broken Homes—In Spirit—*Mary Blair Immel***

**AUGUST, 1956 - 25c**



# The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*  
SUE H. WOLLAM, *Assistant Editor*  
JOY GHIGLERI, *layout*

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### Stop Blaming the Teen-agers

Many adults seem to think that the current crop of teen-agers is composed of hoodlums. Perhaps you yourself are guilty of saying, "Look how reckless these teen-age drivers are!" or "Something should be done about the crimes committed by teen-agers."

Teen-agers seem to be held culpable for the entire increase in crime in this country. If you read the newspapers more carefully, however, you will find that crime has augmented among *all* age groups. Nefarious crimes are even being committed by small children. In a Midwestern town a precocious eight-year-old lad murdered both his parents. Another boy, also age eight, chopped down twelve summer cottages with an ax. When I was in grade school, a boy in my class burned down a railroad station and purloined all of the guns from the local gun club.

We "older folks" are the ones who set the example for the younger generation. I have to smile a bit ruefully when I hear a middle-aged man mutter disdainfully about "these wild teen-age drivers," and then go through a red light or pass a car on a hill.

Let's give our teen-agers the break they deserve. I've found that they're pretty swell people.

**What's Here?** . . . Are you disappointed because your daughter doesn't have any musical talent (you are a soloist in the church choir and an accomplished pianist, perhaps) or your son lacks mathematical finesse (you were at the top of your class in college algebra)? Jean B. Hamm, in her article "Each Child Is an Individual," admonishes you to concentrate upon the talents and abilities that your child has rather than to complain about qualities that he lacks. Better read this article, mothers (fathers, too).

You probably don't believe in breaking up a home through divorce, but perhaps your home is broken spiritually. If your teen-agers seem to be unhappy and desire to be away from home most of the time, you had better examine your household and read "Broken Homes—In Spirit," by Mary Blair Immel.

If you are looking for a new all-family hobby, read "Birds Can Be Friends of the Family," by Mary S. Thomas.

"Happy Birthday, Dear Molly," our story for this month, is dedicated to all wives with absent-minded husbands. The kiddies will like "What Freddy Found at the Fair," by Edith Toan.

**What's Coming?** . . . Look for "Don't Teach Them to Lie"; "Ourselves as Others See Us"; "Mama Came to Live with Us"; and others.

So long,  
S. W.



# THE WORLD

## ● Seek Greater Help from Women

Geneva—Spokesmen for two international Christian groups pleaded here for a greater share by women in the administration and benefits of United Nations' technical assistance programs in underdeveloped countries. The pleas were made during a debate on these programs of assistance, which took place in the UN Commission on the Status of Women.

Such assistance programs, it was urged, should cover personal training in household economy, and make available more modern home equipment to free women from too heavy tasks. This would facilitate the integration of women into the industrial economy without prejudice to family life.

Future technical assistance projects should include fundamental education, covering home economics and vocational guidance, particularly in backward areas. Material aid in the form of equipment for community water supply, electricity, and heating systems is greatly needed.

It was further urged that women be given a bigger role in the planning and control of assistance projects. At present only about 48 out of 545 experts engaged in such programs are women.

## ● Worship While You Shop

Stockholm, Sweden—A modern shopping center recently opened at Lulea, in northern Sweden, has a 3,000-seat hall for religious services. The builders have announced also that a planned addition to the center will contain a prayer room for shoppers.

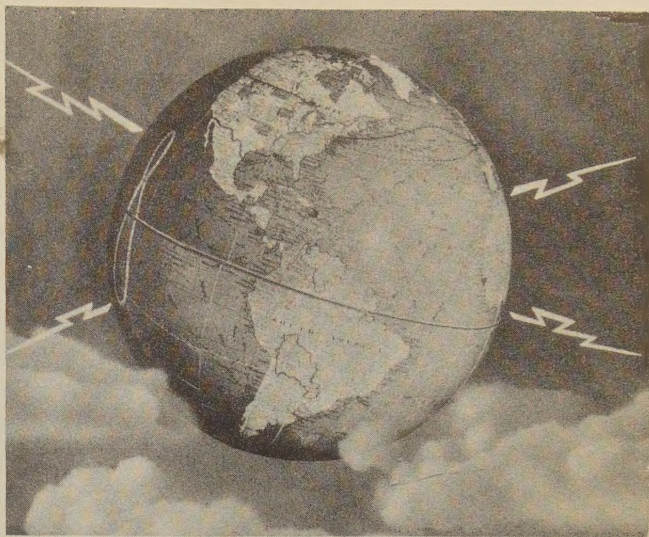
Lulea, a port at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, is 450 miles from Stockholm.

Use of the meeting hall is rotated among the various religious groups of the area.

## ● Heifer Project Plans Record Shipments

New Windsor, Md.—Heifer Project, Inc., has set for itself the record task of shipping 1,545 cattle, 627 goats, 295 pigs,

*H. Armstrong Roberts*



*H. Armstrong Roberts*

2,000 sheep, 168,000 chicks, 2,000 hatching eggs, and 130 packages of honey bees to war-devastated or agriculturally undeveloped areas in 1956.

This ambitious program will benefit 17 countries: Austria, Ecuador, France, Germany, Greece, Honduras, India, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Mexico, Pakistan, Thailand, Turkey, and Vietnam.

Heifer Project, formed 11 years ago, acts as the agency for the collection, shipment, and distribution abroad of livestock contributed by individuals, church organizations, and service clubs in America. The animals and poultry are used to help in the reconstruction of countries whose livestock was depleted by war or to improve breeds in nations that never had good livestock.

The American Baptists and the Disciples of Christ are both actively participating in the direction and support of Heifer Project's activities.

## ● Communists Annul Adoption Contracts

Berlin—East German authorities have ordered the annulment of guardianship and adoption contracts in cases where the foster parents are unsympathetic to Communism.

The directive stressed that the upbringing of children must be entrusted to persons whose political standing is vouched for by ranking Communist officials.

This move in the effort to control the education of youth has aroused concern in church circles. It is feared that the measure will not only be used against Christian guardians and foster parents but against church-operated homes and orphanages.

Under Soviet regulations Christian children are being accepted in high schools only if they agree to live during the schooling period in state-operated youth centers which are strictly atheist and materialist in their orientation.

Church leaders said this development promises to impose on Christian children in the Soviet Zone the "grave decision of renouncing higher education for the sake of their faith."

# AT YOUR FRONT DOOR



# Christian Family, Eastern

Strictly speaking, it was not the traditionally romantic way of beginning a courtship. There were no flowers or soft music. The basketball court looked solely functional. The young man was wearing his hiking clothes. Mrs. L. Bertram Curtis-to-be was conscious of a streak of whitewash down her patched blouse and also of the fact that her nose was probably shiny; but the basketball court of the First Baptist Church in Ardmore needed its lines touched up. So work went on.

Their affection for each other also flourished. It was an emotion which has gained strength with the years, just as the importance of their work together has increased. Although Mr. Curtis is an electrical engineer, a respected stamp collector and distributor, and Mrs. Curtis manages their home, spending afternoons in their shop, these activities are secondary. An outsider can see that the most important contributions of the Curtises are offered to their church, children, community, and home.

To arrive at their home in Ardmore, Pennsylvania, you take one of the suburban trains which at each succeeding station leave the noise and dirt of the city farther

behind. Ardmore, which is about ten miles from Philadelphia, is a thriving, civic-minded community composed of attractive houses with neatly trimmed lawns, dotted with playpens and scooters. After the confines of the city, the washed green smell of leaves or the frosty clean sting of snow brings almost a shock of relief. The faces of the passengers are usually familiar. Men who boarded the eight-fifteen that morning, now shove briefcases into the rack and slump into their accustomed seats. The pretty office girls chatter about plans for the evening. A toy-like toot of the train whistle announces Ardmore where the Curtises have made their home for many years.

Their house is comfortably spacious, the material possessions bearing the imprint of their owners' personalities. Shining floors and crisp curtains, flowers upon the mantel, the smell of a savory dinner in preparation all attest to Mrs. Curtis' concern for her family's comfort. Photographs of their six grown children, three of whom are adopted, stand upon a long table below the window.

In Mr. Curtis' upstairs study clusters of coral weave fantastically beautiful patterns in the air.

His groupings of stamps, carefully framed, add an exotic touch to the walls. They also illustrate the variety of interests which he believes are valuable to his church school teaching, as well as to his own happiness. This is a cue to his makeup. It would be unlike Mr. Curtis to feel a selfish joy in collecting stamps or coral. He also wishes to share his pleasure with the community and the church.

The Curtises have always been active in the First Baptist Church of Ardmore and in organizations for civic betterment. Mrs. Curtis is treasurer of the Scropitimist International Women's Organization. He is Chairman of the Board of Deacons and past moderator of the Philadelphia Baptist Association, the oldest Baptist association in the country. As secretary of the Board of Managers of the Baptist Orphanage, he is able to gratify his warm sympathy for children. Because he so strongly believes that "religion is not a separate function, but should be a part of everything you do," he carries his work with youngsters into the Boy Scouts. His efforts brought him the Scouting recognition entitled the "Silver Beaver" award. It is given for outstanding service to



# U.S.A.

By Dorothea Cornwell



Mr. and Mrs. L. Bertram Curtis met in a church play, courted while whitewashing the basketball court. Now, many years and six children later, they are still staunch in their belief that "religion is not a separate function, but should be the motivating force of all phases of life."

boyhood and presented at the Valley Forge Council.

Their desire to work constructively together gave the Curtises courage enough to adopt three orphans some twenty years ago. The Coates children had just lost their mother, a doubly severe blow because their father was also dead. While the Curtises had known the parents only slightly, they had become fond of the youngsters through their attendance at church school.

"Although I knew we would face financial difficulties and also psychological problems because of our own three, I simply had to take them," Mrs. Curtis says. "I knew that if the situation were reversed, I would wish someone to do the same for mine." She leans forward in her chair, her fine eyes shining. "And do you know, while there have been financial problems—four youngsters in college at once—there just weren't any emotional hurdles. From the beginning the six disagreed and agreed, loved and shouted at each other just as though they had always been related."

All six are making outstanding records. Frank Coates, the eldest, is married and is living in Ard-

more with his three children. He is a statistician with the Pennsylvania Railroad. Jane Coates, now Mr. P. Wesley Kriebel, was voted the outstanding student nurse in Eastern Pennsylvania when she graduated from Bryn Mawr Hospital School of Nursing several years ago. Her husband is vice-consul in Birmingham, England. Bob Coates's high scholastic standing at Bucknell enabled him to enter Temple University Medical School. He graduated in '55.

Dick Curtis is working upon his doctor's degree in nuclear physics. Barbara Curtis, majoring in music, will soon graduate from Dennison University. Ginny is a sophomore at the same school. All of the young people are active in choir and church work.

Since the adopted youngsters, as well as her own, have turned out to be professionally accomplished, well-mannered, socially conscious young adults, it is natural to question Mrs. Curtis as to her theories upon child rearing. Her efforts along this line were publicly recognized when she was chosen Philadelphia's "Mother of the Year" in 1952.

At the query Mrs. Curtis looks thoughtfully into space, trying to

recall the days when all of these generous, out-going young people were moody noncherubs who wanted what they wanted when they wanted it. "We had very few unpleasant episodes," she states slowly, "and when they did occur, we wouldn't permit them to become crises."

She glances at her tall husband, but he is smiling musingly at the memory of some "episode."

"You see," she continues, "my youngsters grew up in the period when educators were trying to put across 'total self-expression.' Through my own childhood experience and from observation, I came to believe that youngsters feel more secure if there are a few wisely chosen, reasonable rules—rules similar to those offered in church school. These rules form a foundation until young people are old enough to understand their own desires fully. Whenever possible, I encourage them to formulate and discuss their own code."

She laughs, bringing the discussion into the present. "—I've done that as recently as when my daughter's sorority asked me to chaperon a house party. There were many solemn pow-wows—the girls

(Continued on page 28)



# Birds Can Be Friends of the Family

*It's easy to get better acquainted with your feathered neighbors.*

*Read this article to find out how to do it.*

Four-year-old Paul steered his tricycle with one hand. With the other he clutched a tiny bird. "I'm giving it a ride," he beamed.

"Birds don't enjoy riding," explained Paul's mother. "Let's leave it where you found it. Perhaps its mother will teach it to fly."

Paul carefully laid the wee ball of feathers under the hedge, unaware that he was learning a lesson in Christian living; for in Paul's home consideration for wild creatures was taken for granted, a by-product of an all-family hobby—making friends with the birds.

This hobby requires little equipment, makes no muss, persists around the calendar, and appeals to all ages. In one family of bird lovers, three-year-old Tim would come, starry-eyed, to invite his mother, in a stage whisper, to "come see a bird." Bea, eight years old, used field glasses and consulted the bird manual like an adult. Joyce, thirteen, studied bird lore as a scout project. Dad, an amateur photographer, was experimenting with bird shots. Grandma, confined to her room, attracted juncos, chickadees, and cardinals to her window-sill feeding station. And Mother, as family co-ordinator, shared all these interests and did a little observing on her own.

Any family, at any time, can embark upon the adventure of getting acquainted with its feathered neighbors. Interest, patience, and willingness to learn are the only prerequisites. A good handbook of birds, with accurately colored illustrations, is the only essential piece of equipment. Field glasses may be added later.

Since hobbies are contagious, one person's enthusiasm will usually spark off family interest. A par-

ent may lead the way. Armed with your book and curiosity, you begin observing the birds at your door. When you hear a chirp, glance outside. You'll be tempted to say, "Oh, just a sparrow"—but don't. You may be surprised. Of the thirty-odd species of sparrows common in the United States, chances are that half a dozen, each year, stop in or near your dooryard.

Even unpopular English sparrows have some interesting ways. What do they eat? Where do they nest, and how often? What building materials do they use? What color are their eggs? How many? How do they teach their young to fly?

The search for such facts fascinates children. Once alerted, their powers of observation sharpen rapidly. A small boy may dash in from play to shout, "I just saw a new bird. Where's the book?" ("The book," by the way, should be on a low, convenient shelf, probably in the kitchen.) A little experience changes descriptions from, "Well, sort of black and white," to, "It had a white breast, a black tail and black wings, with a lot of white bars."

A chart on which are listed the habits of species being observed can prove as interesting as the tally of a treasure hunt, while a bird calendar, noting each new arrival as it appears in the spring, adds zest to every day. Such activities engender interest in bird books and nature magazines, in museums of natural history, and in aviaries at the zoo, in camp projects, and in biology courses. Who can say, indeed, where it may lead?

Once children have learned to identify several species, they will begin to recognize bird songs.



"My it's a lovely day," remarked a neighbor one sunny February morning. "Some little bird is singing its head off out there."

It proved to be a song sparrow atop the bare lilac bush, his distinguishing marks—a dark breast-spot and a splatter of smaller ones—plainly visible as he tilted his head skyward. His song, like the robin's, is easily recognized, as little Susan's prompt rejoinder, "Why, that's a song sparrow," indicated.

Children soon learn other bird calls. The crow's and the gull's require no learning. The blue jay's squawk and the catbird's meow are easy. The mourning dove's plaint, the killdeer's reiteration of his name, and the meadow lark's, "You can't see me," are easily remembered. Other calls will be picked up if family interest encourages it.

In early summer the family should make a pilgrimage to the deep woods. High overhead the unseen vireos will be carrying on their age-old discourse of monosyllables. Children love to have it interpreted: "Look up. Do you see it? We made it. Do you like it? We do."

Nesting habits provide unending fascination. The robin's sturdy, mud-based house, the catbird's loose, grapevine-bark cradle, the chipping sparrow's circlet

of hair, the oriole's skillfully woven hammock—all are different, interesting, and wonderful.

One family watched a pair of barn swallows build a mud nest under their porch roof. Eventually, five gray, fuzzy heads appeared, and the children observed their incessant feeding with amazement. A day came when they donned coats of glossy blue, and their rosy breasts bulged over the nest-rim. Then one perched on the nest's edge and stretched its wings. The next morning it was gone, and by eleven o'clock all had left, without being caught in the act. The swallows had whisked their young off to the telephone wires to practice acrobatics. Though disappointed in having missed the flying lesson, that family learned new admiration for these creatures of the air.

Bird study may lead to field trips or family picnics to joining bird clubs or the Audubon Society, to new friends and exciting adventures. More important, it should lead to action on behalf of the birds—to feeding them in winter, watering them in summer, planting shelter for them, and protecting them from their enemies. It should also lead to reverence for God who sees the sparrow's fall, and whose tender mercies are over all his works. If it succeeds in this, it may well be regarded as a means of spiritual development for adults, and as a part of children's Christian education.

by Mary S.  
Thomas

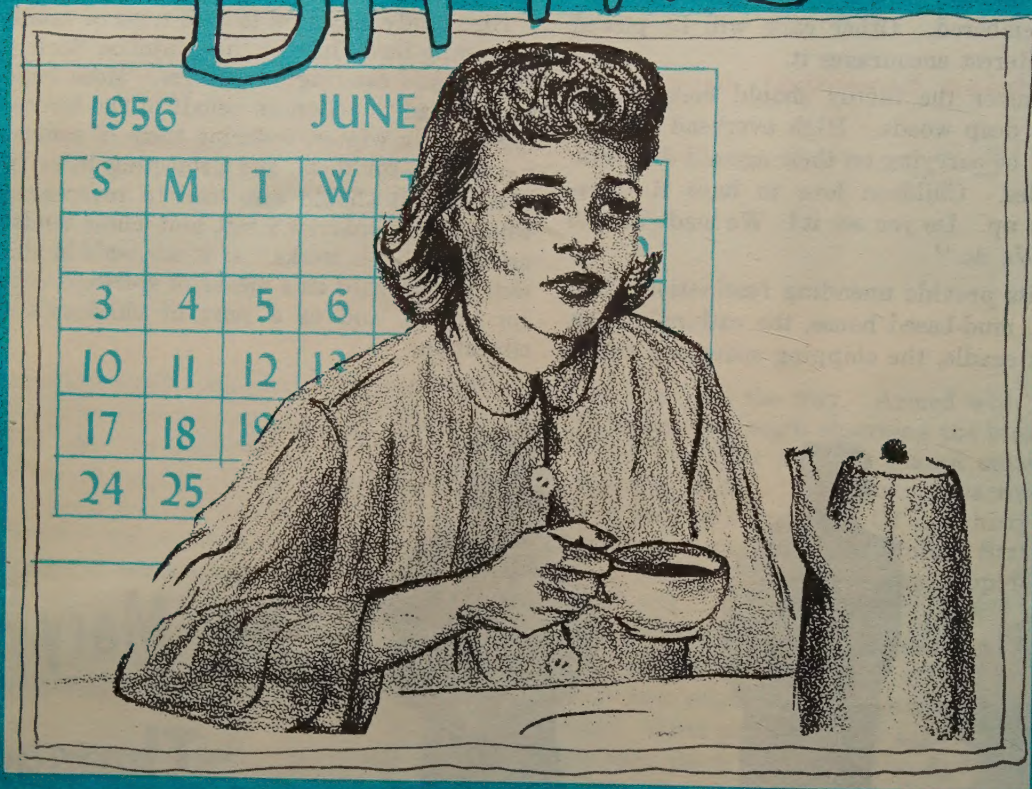


A birdbath and a few tasty morsels are great attractions for all kinds of birds.

photo by erb



# Happy Birthday.



# Dear Molly



Molly thought that June 6

was going to be a great day--until  
her husband forgot that it was her birthday.

Molly Dover stretched her arms and legs and slowly opened her eyes to the bright glaring ribbons of sun filtering through the venetian blinds of the bedroom window. A fragrant breeze blew in softly from the partly opened window. Molly sighed contentedly. It was going to be a beautiful, wonderful day. But it wasn't only the sun or the flower-scented air that was going to make the day so special. It was Molly's birthday, and Rod probably had a lot of surprises planned—dinner down town, maybe, and a show or stage play afterwards and then a present wrapped in colored tissue paper tied with a satin ribbon.

Molly couldn't understand why people got to the age when they didn't care about birthdays any more. In fact, many of them would just as soon have people forget their birthdays so that their ages wouldn't be revealed. How silly! Molly always thought a trifle disgustedly. You couldn't hide your age forever. If you were 35 or 62 or 84, you usually looked it. *Well!* Molly thought stoutly, *I'm 26 years old today, and I don't care who knows it. I'm proud to be 26, so there!*

She looked over at Rod, who was still sound asleep with his head buried under his pillow. Molly smiled indulgently. Her husband was a dear, no question about that, even though he *was* dreadfully absent minded and gritted his teeth when he slept and left his clothes scattered all over the bedroom floor.

"My goodness!" Molly was jolted suddenly from her reverie. "It's nearly 7 o'clock, and I'd better get Rod up or he'll be late for work." She shook him gently. Evoking no response with melliferous methods, she gave him a few firmer shakes. He grunted briefly, and then removed the pillow from his head.

"Hi, sweetie!" Molly said cheerfully. "Time to get up."

Rod opened his eyes, and when he saw Molly, he grinned. Anyone would grin looking at a cute little thing like Molly. "How's my favorite wife this morning?" He took Molly's face in his hands and kissed her lightly on the nose.

"Fine as a frog hair," Molly said gaily. "Do you remember what day it is, Rod?"

Rod swung first one long leg

By Sue Wollam

illustrated by macdonald



over the side of the bed and then the other. "Sure!" he said matter-of-factly. "It's Wednesday, June 6, and I have to attend a business conference in Laurelville this afternoon."

Molly suddenly felt as though a gray cloud had marred her rose-colored day. "Is—well, is that all?" She said in a small voice as she followed him into the bathroom.

"I can't think of anything else." His voice rose above the hum of the electric razor. "Oh, yes there is! I nearly forgot. I promised Joe Perry that I would help him paint his den tonight, if that's all right with you."

Molly didn't answer. The glorious day had deflated like a pricked bubble. Rod had forgotten that this was her birthday. He was forever forgetting other dates and anniversaries, but he always maintained that the three dates he would never forget were his birthday, Molly's birthday, and the day he was discharged from the Navy. He couldn't always remember their wedding anniversary, but sometimes he did.

Molly's eyes filled with tears, and she walked slowly to the kitchen to prepare breakfast. She squeezed oranges for juice, made toast and coffee, and scrambled eggs, but she felt numb all over. Her bright, wonderful, sunshiny day was gone. Rod had forgotten her birthday! "I won't tell him!" she thought rebelliously. "Not today, anyway. I'll tell him sometime next week, and then he'll be sorry." She knew her thoughts were childish and resentful, but she couldn't help it, she told herself firmly. Other husbands remembered birthdays. Why, last year Shirley Holmes's husband had given her a surprise party, with a huge pink frosted bakery cake, and everyone had sung "Happy birthday, dear Shirley, happy birthday to you," and her eyes had shown like two stars, and Frank, her husband, had been so pleased and proud that he had given Shirley such a nice party.

Molly felt the tears cruise down her cheeks, but she quickly wiped

them away when she heard Rod coming down the stairs whistling. She sniffled morosely. What right had he to be happy?

He sauntered into the kitchen. "Hmmm! smells aromatic in here," he quipped, sitting down in his chair. "I could eat a bear this morning."

Usually, Molly laughed and joked with Rod in the mornings, but not today. Wordlessly, she served breakfast and then sat down to eat.

"You know," Rod said, between gulps of coffee, "Joe asked me if I would help him paint tomorrow night, too, but I told him no."

Molly took a bite of egg. "Why?" she asked crossly. "We're not doing anything special tomorrow night."

Rod looked lovingly at his wife and winked. "Oh, yes we are," he said. "Tomorrow's your birthday, and tomorrow night we're having dinner at the little Chinese restaurant that you like so well, and afterwards we're going to the new comedy play at the Emerald." He stood up and pulled Molly to him. "You don't think I'd forget an important thing like my wife's birthday, do you?" he said ten-

derly. "We're going to have us a big evening."

Suddenly, the gray cloud evaporated, and the day was bright and wonderful again. What did it matter if Rod hadn't remembered the exact day! He still hadn't forgotten completely.

Molly lifted her face up and smiled at Rod. "You're sweet," she said softly.

"The feeling's mutual," he whispered. "Well, I guess I'd better be going to work. That's what I'm paid for." Suddenly, an incredulous expression spread over his face.

"Say," he ejaculated. "Had you forgotten that tomorrow is your birthday? It sounded as though you had. I mean, when you asked why I couldn't go to Joe's tomorrow night."

Molly smiled a secret smile. She wouldn't tell him that today was her birthday, not for a million dollars.

"You know I wouldn't forget a thing like that," she said candidly.

"Neither would I," said Rod. "There are three dates that I always remember—your birthday, my birthday, and the day I was discharged from the Navy."

## The Secret

She who finds no beauty in her mirror  
May smile and still pursue it everywhere:  
A sunset, or forsythia's sudden glory  
May hold the gold she misses in her hair.

The sky, her larkspur, or a quiet river  
Supplies the blue she covets for her eyes;  
Seeing the dew on roses in the morning  
She can forget her pallor . . . if she's wise.

And she who finds no beauty in her mirror  
May learn the secret many never know:  
That love is splendor—and that she who gives it  
Reflects its light and walks in beauty's glow.

ROWENA CHENEY





# SUNNY GAMES FOR SUNLESS DAYS

By Loie Brandom

On rainy Sunday afternoons when the children cannot go outdoors, their plaintive cries of "Mother, what can we do?" can be subsided if you have some jolly, active games for them to play indoors.

There is the game of **Penny Stretch**. You hand a penny to each of the children and keep one for yourself. Line up with your toes touching some straight mark, like the edge of a rug or a chalk line. Then one at a time each player leans over, places his left hand far out on the floor in front of him, and reaching with his right arm as far as he can, he places the penny on the floor. The real fun comes when the player tries to stand up again without moving his feet, or using his right hand to help. The winner is the one who has placed his penny the farthest out in front and then has regained his upright position.

**The Sticky Wall.** A stunt similar to the one above is this one. Stand with the left side against a wall with your cheek, hip, and foot touching it. Try to lift the right leg without moving the body away from the wall. You will find that you stick to the wall.

Here is a stunt that the whole family will enjoy. Place an empty bottle on its side on a table. Then in the mouth of the bottle put a piece of cork about the size of a small pea. One at a time blow the cork into the bottle. Can you guess what will happen? The cork will fly back each time into the face of the one blowing it.

**Look for the Stamps.** Put postage stamps in plain sight throughout the room but in such a way that they will not be immediately seen. For example, fasten a purple three-cent stamp to a flowered window drape that has a few purple flowers in the design. A green stamp may be fastened to the green stem of a growing house plant, and a red two cent stamp may find a place to hide beside a red candle. Not more than three stamps should be hidden. When a stamp is found by any player, the object is to keep still and not give the hiding place away to another contestant. The finder must, however, whisper the location to Mother, after trying to confuse the other

players. The last one to locate all the stamps is given a little prize. This in itself is a switch from the usual way of always giving the prize to the winner.

**May I?** Choose one of your older players to be leader and stand at one end of the room. The wall at the opposite end can be the goal. The players line up beside the leader who numbers them. The leader may then say, "Number One may take three hops toward the goal." Number One must be careful to say, "May I" before he moves. The leader can answer yes, or no, as he pleases, since reaching the goal line is not the main object of the game. Next the leader may say, "Number Two may take four steps backward toward the goal," and Number Two remembers to say, "May I?" before moving. The game continues in this manner until someone forgets to say "May I?" He must drop out of the game. The last one left is the winner. If the leader keeps the commands coming rapidly, the game will be a fast one, and quite jolly.

**Around You Go.** Each contestant receives a paper plate and some round object such as an apple, an orange, or a ball. The apple is placed in the center of the plate by each player, and the plate is then carefully balanced on the head. With hands on hips the players start marching about the room at the word GO, and the one who succeeds in marching the longest without losing the plate and apple, wins.

**The Bottling Works.** An empty pop, or milk bottle is placed on the floor at the back of a straight chair, one for each player. About eight feet of heavy thread is tied to the wick of a tiny birthday candle, and one is handed to each contestant. The players then mount their chairs, and over the backs of the chairs, try to get their candles into the bottles. The catch, however, is that the thread must be dangled from the mouth, while the hands are held on the hips. This game will keep the contestants busy and quiet for some time.

There are many good games for sunless days, and these suggestions may remind you of some you know. I hope so, anyway.



# Each Child Is an Individual

Your child isn't like anyone else's child. He has feelings, needs, talents, and a personality all his own.

"Lisa, you can't use those crayons—they're my good ones. Here, you can have these broken ones." Kenny, the meticulous six-year-old, was just being honest with his young visitor. His mother, somewhat apologetic, remarked in an aside to Lisa's mother, "I don't know why Kenny has to be so fussy. Had that been Don," referring to her other son, "he wouldn't have minded at all."

"No to Karen means just that," commented an exasperated mother, "but no to David simply means finding another way to do what he had in mind in the first place."

These two mothers were doing what every mother does often and perhaps unconsciously—citing the differences between two children. In doing so a mother is documenting a basic fact about human nature: *Each person is an individual*, unlike any other person biologically and emotionally. He has interests, abilities, drives, faults, endearments—the list goes on forever—that are peculiar to him and to him alone. His uniqueness pro-

duces within the human race variety as infinite as the snowflakes. Thoreau, American writer and philosopher, had lovely words for this truth: "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away." Thoreau's gem of wisdom not only is good to remember for its poetic worth, but his wise counsel makes it twice as valuable: "Let him step to the music which he hears. . . ." It is this admonition which we parents must take to heart and repeat to ourselves countless times as we watch over and guide the little ones in our homes.

How, basically, do children differ? It is easy to begin with the most apparent factor, that of physical growth. Each child follows his own pattern. Johnny may walk at nine months, while his sister Mary is content to wait until twice that age before changing from a quadruped to a biped. Yet both are healthy, normal children. A child cuts his first teeth, sits, walks, and

talks when he is ready and no sooner.

Almost as quickly recognized, and more baffling to deal with, is the unique emotional make-up which each squirming bundle of joy brings with him. Any mother of more than one may have said, "John is such a contended and easy-going baby, not fussy like Peter." Or, "Susan at four still wants a lot of cuddling, while Steven at two has had enough of that." In each case the child is hearing a different drummer and is responding to the music which he hears.

While physical and emotional patterns are rooted in the essential nature of every human being and are in a sense "ready-made" equipment which he brings with him into the world, yet the particular environment which surrounds the person determines what he does with them. Though many parents do not realize it, the environment into which each child is thrust is different from that of any other time or place. A second child is likely to find parents much more



relaxed in their roles toward him than did the first child. Naturally, this second child is going to reflect the difference. There is the presence of the first child to share family attention and resources, making an altogether different growing ground for No. 2 in the family. Since No. 1 appeared, the parents have lived more and longer, a grandmother or an uncle may have joined the household, the family may have moved to a new neighborhood—or a number of changes may have taken place. As the family complement becomes a full circle, all these factors go to make Martha and Freddy and Anne the persons they become. It is easy to see why an individual is *himself*—and not a second edition of any other person!

All the differences we could name, whether embodied in the es-

Too much cannot be said to emphasize the importance of complete acceptance of each child as an individual. Out of this acceptance which never can be feigned but must be the real thing, comes the security, the bedrock, which is the foundation for building the structure of life. We as Christians, with the ineffable mystery of God's creation in our keeping, must make sure that this prime ingredient for building the good life is present in abundant measure in our homes. It takes only a few case histories from juvenile delinquency and criminal records to point out that the houses which fall are those built on the shifting sands of insecurity.

To elaborate on the over-all principle of loving and accepting a child for what he is, there are a number of helpful practices we can employ. In the first place *avoid comparisons*. There is the tendency to compare one child with another both within the family and with acquaintances. The realm of scholarship provides a hotbed of competition. The effects usually are devastating, resulting not only in unnecessary animosity toward the "brighter" child but also in the negation of what rightfully should be a positive and desirable goal. In one case a younger sister had been so goaded with reminders of the older girl's superior marks all through grade school and high

## By Jean B. Hamm

sential nature of the person or present in his environment, are vastly important in making of that person the player he becomes on the world's stage.

Can we describe the parents role in this drama? The answer is surprisingly simple. It is the role of love: *Accept a child and appreciate him for what he is*. Dr. Benjamin Spock, trusted friend and counselor of American mothers, amplifies this basic role: "Love and enjoy your child for what he is, for what he looks like, for what he does, and forget about the qualities that he doesn't have. . . The child who is appreciated for what he is even if he is homely, or clumsy, or slow, will grow up with confidence in himself, happy. He will have a spirit that will make the best of all the capacities that he has, and of all the opportunities that come his way."<sup>1</sup>

Parents shouldn't be disappointed if their children are not everything that they desire. A child should be loved and appreciated for what he is.

H. Armstrong Roberts



<sup>1</sup>The Pocket Book of Baby and Child Care, by Dr. Benjamin Spock. Copyright by Pocket Books, Inc., New York, 1952. Used by permission.



school, by teachers and parents, that by the time college selection became an issue, she exploded, "I've had to follow her through school so far, but I will *not* go to the same college!" For her scholarship itself had become a hateful thing, and her feelings toward her older sister were far from admirable. But that younger sister was not without gifts, too! She had worthy ability and interest in dramatics and athletics and certainly should have been encouraged in those areas. The sooner parents realize that there are degrees of ability and accomplishment among their children, the happier the entire household will be.

*Second, beware of forcing your own dreams and ambitions on your child.* Many a mother who wanted to be or maybe was a social butterfly has made a book-loving child miserable. The father who has his heart set on having his son continue the family business often creates utter frustration for himself and for his son. Or the athletically ambitious parent who feels disappointment in a decidedly unathletic child can be blinded to other abilities in the child which are just as worth while.

Find ways to "balance the scales" for your child. Play up his best points. While your son may not have the potential to be an "A" student, he may have athletic potential which, with encouragement and diligence, will make the first team. A less attractive child physically can be gently and subtly tutored in the art of conversation or directed toward some specialty such as photography or craftwork to help him gain recognition among his friends. We parents must be discerning in appraisal of the assets of our children and then set standards accordingly.

When we pause to reflect on the Twelve whom Jesus chose to carry out the greatest mission of all time, we are struck by their differences in personality and ability. The Master could see the latent talents

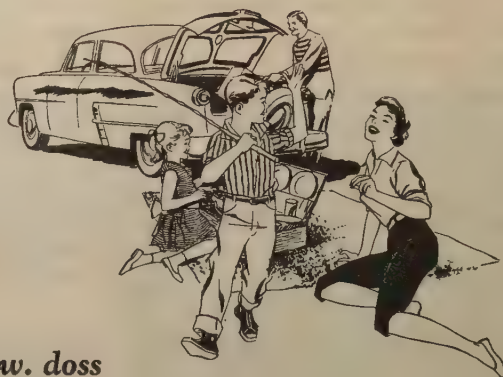
and hidden strength required for his work. As that work continued in the early church, Paul wrote to the Ephesians of the grace "given to each of us according to the measure of Christ's gift." And for what goal? That we might attain "mature manhood, to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. . ."

It is to this point that we come as Christian parents. After all analyses are computed, human per-

sonality keeps its secret. We can only venerate the divine mystery, God-given, as we guide our children in their growth, remembering that each child has his own combination of abilities, gifts, and dreams. Thoreau would not mind a paraphrase: "If your child does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

## This Is The Way We Travel

by *rosalie w. doss*



Long trips used to be a nightmare excursion to us. The children's complaints were long and numerous. "When will we get there?" "I am hungry." "I want a drink." "I am tired of riding." These and many more unhappy comments were repeated until we often wondered where we ever got the idea of taking a long automobile trip with two children, ages eight and nine.

Then last summer we noticed the children were very aviation minded. That gave us an idea! On this trip, which took almost three days' travel time, we pretended to be an airplane crew. Daddy became the pilot. I was the co-pilot, nine-year-old Johnny was the navigator, and Ann was the hostess.

It was Johnny's and my duty to get the right road maps and plot a route for Daddy. We tried to pick the best highways that would take us to our destination the quickest. By the time we had finished our trip, Johnny had accumulated enough maps to take ten trips across the United States. He was very proud of his map collec-

tion; but he had also learned a lot from his maps. He had learned to locate places on a map, how to figure mileage from one place to another, and he had also gotten a good idea of just how large and wonderful this country of ours is.

Ann, as the hostess, was responsible for the places we would stop to eat. We started our trip with a picnic lunch. As luncheon drew near, it was Ann's job to watch for road signs telling where the next roadside park would be found. Later when we stopped at restaurants or drive-ins for our meals, Ann studied the big billboards along the way that advertised restaurants and what they specialized in. It was amazing how soon Ann was able to pick out good eating places just by studying the outside appearance of the place.

Besides picking out eating places, it was also Ann's duty to select picture postcards during our stops. These were mailed to relatives and postcard collecting friends. This was one trip where no one was forgotten, who had been promised a card.

(Continued on page 28)



# Broken Homes —

*in spirit*

By Mary Blair Immel

It was Wednesday evening. The dinner dishes had just been stacked away. It had not taken Louise more than five minutes to go from the kitchen to her room, get her coat and books, and be halfway out the front door. She was an expert in making a fast exit, for she left home every evening at this time.—Tonight, however, her father interrupted the usual routine.

"Louise, are you going out again?"

"Yes, Dad. I'll be home around ten o'clock."

"Martha, did you give Louise permission to go out this evening?"

Martha, the wife and mother, came in from the kitchen, "Well, I didn't exactly give permission, but Louise generally leaves right after dinner."

"It seems to me," Dad said, "that we ought to have some voice about what our daughter does."

"She was only going to Helen's to study. You're making a fuss over something that's not important."

"I think it's important to know what my daughter is doing. She's away too much. She'll stay home tonight."

"But Dad, Helen is expecting me," Louise interjected.

"Then call her and tell her you're staying home tonight."

Louise turned and went unhappily to the telephone. Mother went back to the kitchen to sit quietly and think. Dad went into the living room to read his newspaper.

Louise's parents do not believe in divorce. They are grieved by seeing their friends whose homes are

broken in this way. Yet, they fail to realize that their own home is pitifully broken in spirit.

Here are three people living together, but failing to live co-operatively.

Dad's desire to know where his daughter is and what she is doing is commendable, but the way he goes about it makes Louise feel that he is a dictator. Louise wants to get out of the house to a spot where she is not shouted at and ordered around; yet she has neglected to ask proper permission. Mother wants to shield her daughter from unhappiness and in so doing gets into disturbing arguments with Dad, thereby causing Louise to lose respect for both her parents. None of them is happy over these circumstances. They live in an atmosphere of cold war.

Louise may need discipline, but shouting and demanding do not instill in a young person the desire to do what is right. Mother and Dad need to get together with Louise and share their opinions calmly. Brooding and arguing has not helped them find a satisfactory conclusion. This family is broken in spirit because they have failed to consider each other's rights and thereby have failed to co-operate in reaching family decisions to which all of them agree. These people are at war with one another. Now one wins a battle, now another. At other times battles end in an unhappy stalemate which will flare into argument again and again.

What Louise and many other young people cannot tell their parents is that boys and girls are not unappreciative of their parent's efforts, but it is no fun to live in a home where things are unpleasant or where





photo by erb

This teen-age girl is leaving the house for the evening, much to the exasperation of her irate father. Young people are unhappy in homes where there is constant tension.

they have no voice in decisions which affect them or their family.

It is small wonder that many young people are eager to be out of their homes as much as possible. They often take refuge with a friend whose home is happy. At other times the peace of the public library is a welcome haven. All too often they first begin roaming around undesirable haunts just because they would rather be anywhere than home.

All of this brings into sharp focus the fact that a parent has not fulfilled his obligation by merely providing financial support for his family.

Homes that are broken in spirit are more likely to turn out broken products than are happy homes. What basis for getting along happily with others does a boy or girl have who comes from a home in which family members cannot reach mutual understanding? Of course, all families will have disagreements of varied importance and intensity; but these should and can be settled intelligently and peaceably.

Martin, Jr., wanted to attend an all-night party on graduation night. Mrs. Cramer felt that this was not a proper activity for a 17-year-old boy. Mr. Cramer was inclined to feel Martin should be allowed to have

a little fun since he would only graduate from high school once.

Rather than arguing about this matter in front of Martin, or allowing one parent to dominate, Mr. and Mrs. Cramer told Martin they would consider it and give him their answer later. Martin suggested that they call the school for more information. They did, and as it happened the Cramers were encouraged to help chaperon the party, which had been planned to provide desirable entertainment for young people rather than have them seek it in unacceptable places. This set Mrs. Cramer's fears at ease. Together, the family decided that, certainly, Martin could go to the party.

Having mother and father present a united front is far preferable to having a boy like Martin know that if Mom says "No," Dad can be made to say "Yes." In the ensuing argument Martin might get his way, but this method dims the pleasure of the event and does considerable damage to the spirit of the family.

In observing an unhappy family, a question is raised. What has happened to all those fine qualities which, some years ago, made the groom the "only



man in the world" for the bride? These qualities are probably still there, but to hear them both talk now, it is a wonder these two people ever chose each other.

The wife spends much of the time telling the children, "Your father makes me so mad. I don't think he really cares whether this house stands or falls. He never makes any of the repairs I ask him to make."

The husband tells friends, in the presence of the children, "I can't count on my wife to sew a button on my shirt, and she never puts enough starch in my collars."

Sometimes the comments involve more serious complaints. The wife tells the children their father doesn't earn enough money to support the family. The husband feels that his wife is too strict with the children and tells them so.

Perhaps the parents are tired and discouraged. Maybe they are half-joking, but children are distressed by the resentments which manifest themselves in this way. Husbands and wives who belittle each other in the presence of their children do much to break the spirit of their home. They not only destroy the feeling of security which children ought to have, but too often this tug-o'-personalities ends with the children losing respect for both parents. This leads to an open flouting of parent's wishes or advice. It sometimes ends in more serious trouble, when children violate other authority.

*Mary Blair Immel is at present the Superintendent of the Junior Department at the Central Christian Church of Wichita, Kansas. She has been writing professionally for eight years and has had stories, articles, and poems published. A graduate of Chapman College, Mrs. Immel worked for a year and a half as Youth Director at Central Christian Church, Pasadena, California. Her husband Dan is now Director of Christian Education at Wichita's Central Christian Church.*

Besides instances of actual conflict, there are many other seemingly smaller sins of commission and omission. Insignificant as they may seem they indicate a weakening of the spirit which ought to bind the family group together.

Here is a quiz, which should be taken by the family group if the children are old enough to express opinions. The results may be used as the basis for a family council discussion.

1. Why do we need to have something in common, something that we enjoy doing as a family?

One evidence of a home broken in spirit is a home in which neither father, mother, nor children share an interest in activities which can unite them as a group within the home. A recent article in a national news weekly reported that a large per cent of divorced couples confess that one of the major reasons for their break-up was that they could find nothing to entertain them at home. When Dad goes bowling alone, Mother, to her club meetings alone, and the children, to other entertainments, the family had better heed this as a warning sign. Many families find that fellowship in music, both instrumental and vocal, is a good way to keep harmony in the home. Other

families read aloud, share a hobby, or play stimulating games.

2. Why do we need to be united in our religious observances?

When father and mother are not in agreement about attending church, or when parents stay home and children are sent off alone to church school, the home tends to become broken in spirit. Parents who do not make worship a family affair refute the religious training they may have attempted to give their children by sending them to church. A slogan, recently seen on signboards along U.S. highways, declares that a family stays together when it prays together.

3. Why should we not complain or argue with one another when a disagreeable situation arises?

The family that cannot sit down and talk over misunderstandings calmly is facing a real problem. A well-known authority on family problems believes that the first serious quarrel which is not settled intelligently and lovingly will occur again and again and lead to a definite break in the family as a unit of loving individuals. An armed truce is not a secure situation in any home. This kind of situation is unnecessary. Families can solve problems by means of a family council. Then they are building a strong sense of co-operation, creating mutual respect, and learning the meaning of love.

4. Why should we take pains to express our appreciation and affection for each other?

Homes are founded on love. When family members

fail to show a genuine love for each other, family spirit is likely to be very low. Routine daily tasks may seem even more disagreeable in a child's eyes when parents find nothing praiseworthy in them. Mom wonders why she took the extra time and effort to cook a favorite dish when her family fails to mention how they liked it. Dad is much more likely to forget to do those needed repairs when his family fails to notice or appreciate them. When little things go by unappreciated, home life can become confining and unhappy.

5. Why should we make necessary criticism kindly and lovingly?

Constant nagging about some fault, real or imagined, is destructive to home life. Instead of cutting remarks, a tactful or joking suggestion makes a more helpful approach and creates a happier atmosphere. Families with a strong Christian spirit make all suggestions to one another in a spirit of love. The objective is to help, not to hurt.

If any of these danger signals are apparent in your home, why not gather round as a family? Talk this whole problem over carefully. Then join hands and offer sentence prayers that your home may not be broken, but united, and Christlike in spirit.

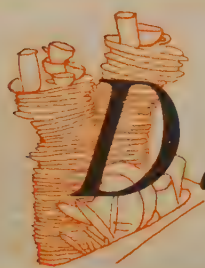




1. Small doubts about Father's dishwashing abilities don't mean that things won't get done during Mother's brief absence.



2. First problem is to fit small helpers between stacks of dishes without disaster.

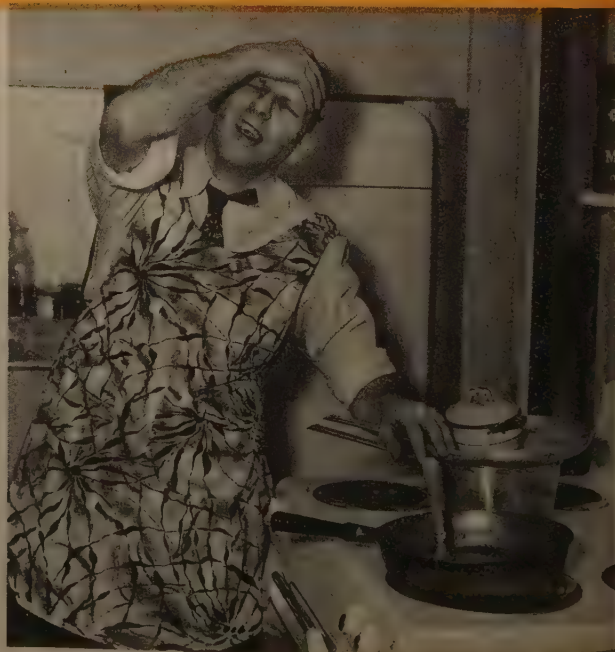


# Dishwashing Da

5. All done. Simple, wasn't it?



6. Oh, no! Why didn't somebody tell me?







3. Relaxing supervision will give Sally a chance to run cold water into dishpan, while Susie gets absorbed in pointless pouring from one dish into another.



4. "Susie! We don't wash our hair ribbons in the dish water!"



Photos and feature by Eric Wahleen

7. Ooph—what happened?

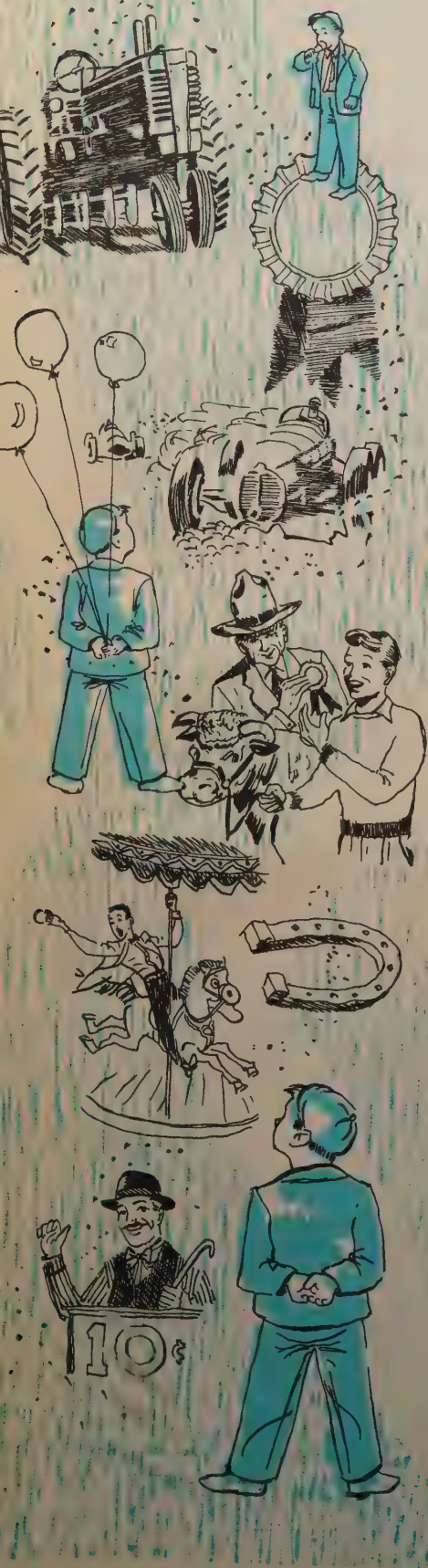


8. It's all his fault.





# What Freddy Found At the Fair



When Freddy's grandfather took him to the fair, he found four things, and the best one came last.

"I'd like to take a look at the new tractors, and the combine to harvest the wheat won't be here for a while," Grandfather said as they talked about going to the fair. "This is a good time to take a day off."

It was good time for Freddy, too. He'd have company for a whole day, and he could buy Grandmother a birthday present with the dollar he had saved. He could feel it in his pocket now.

Freddy was spending the summer on his grandfather's ranch while his father and mother were away. The ranch stretched for miles and miles, and when Freddy climbed the tree near the house, all he could see were yellow plumes of ripening wheat, still and bright in the hot sun. Grandfather was gone all day, and Grandmother was busy picking and preparing vegetables from her garden for the freezer. The ranch hands were gone, too, and all day Freddy was alone. The mountains in the distance reached steep and rocky to the clear sky which seemed so far above; towering cottonwood trees shaded the house. Everything around was big, and Freddy was a small boy. If only there were something friendly and little he could play with!

When they got to the fair, Freddy, had a hard time keeping up with Grandfather's long steps. There was lots of vacant land around the fair grounds which had been an old Indian camp site, but it was all covered with cars now. They had to put the pick-up truck rows and rows back from the gates.

As Grandfather and Freddy walked in, they came first to the midway where booths were set up for a carnival. Red and blue and yellow paper streamers were blown by big electric fans outside the gaily painted stands. Freddy heard men shouting about the games, and he heard cracks of rifles as boys took turns; he saw people leaning over counters. But he couldn't tell what anyone was doing.

"Lift me up, Grandfather," he said. "I want to see."

So Grandfather put Freddy on his shoulder and walked down the midway to the animal barns. Freddy saw boys aiming at moving targets; he saw the shiny arm of a machine spinning some pale pink candy that looked like cotton; and he saw people throwing pennies in a tub of water where some baby ducks floated like gold balls.

How fine it was to be so high! How much more there was to see than on the ground!

When they reached the barns, Grandfather put Freddy down. But all Freddy could see were the wooden boards of the pens.

"Lift me up, Grandfather," he said again. "I want to see."

So Grandfather put Freddy on his shoulders, and Freddy saw fat black and white hogs lying panting on their sides among lots of little sleeping ones, and long-haired woolly sheep standing patiently doing nothing.

In the cow barns there were no pens; so Freddy could see the rows of brown cows with their coats

*(Continued on page 28)*

**By Edith Toan**



# Worship in the family

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## with children

TO USE WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN

### When the Children Saw Jesus

#### A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

#### A Bible Passage

Then children were brought to him that he might lay his hands on them and pray. The disciples rebuked the people; but Jesus said, "Let the children come to me, and do not hinder them; for to such belongs the kingdom of heaven."—Matthew 19:13-14.

The children of the small village were playing near where their mothers were working.

"It's hot, and I'm thirsty," Sarah complained. "I want to go home."

"So do I," Miriam said. "I want my mother to tell me about Jesus."

"Have you seen Jesus, too?" Philip asked.

"No," replied Miriam. "Only my mother has seen him."

Just then a voice called, "Children, it is time to go home."

The children went at once. They could sense their mothers' excitement.

"Let us hurry," one said. "Ruth just passed this way and told us that Jesus approaches our village." They all hurried toward the village. Soon a crowd could be seen.

"Jesus must be there," Miriam's

mother said. "Crowds always gather about him."

Soon the group was near enough to hear someone speaking, but the people were crowded so close that they could see no one.

Sarah began to cry. "I want to see Jesus," she said, "but I can't because of the big people in front of me."

A man turned from the crowd. "Jesus is busy," he said. "Go away and don't bother him."

Jesus heard the man. "Let the children come to me," he said.

The big people moved away, and the children saw Jesus. His kind eyes and loving smile made them run quickly to him. He told them stories. They loved him.

Soon Jesus left, and the people went home. "We are glad we saw Jesus," the children said. Their mothers were glad, too.

**THEME FOR AUGUST:**

**I Like  
To Think  
Of Jesus**



Gedde  
Harmon



## TO USE WITH OLDER CHILDREN

### I Like to Think of Jesus

Jack had gone to summer camp with mixed feelings. He went because most of his friends were going, not because he thought he would like it, or because it would be something different, or because he expected to have a good time. Now camp was almost over. It had been fun, and Jack was sorry to know that he would be going home so soon.

"This morning," the counselor was saying, "let's sit quietly and think of what camp has meant to us. Each one will have his own thoughts. I'm not going to suggest anything to you. Each one may share his ideas if he wishes."

So Jack had been still with the others, thinking of all that had happened during his days at camp.

It was not long until Bill spoke. "I like to think of the first days when the campers and their counselors were getting to know one another. Those were wonderful days! Even now that we know each other, I like to remember that time."

"I like to think of the nature hikes, and learning to identify leaves, trees, flowers, stones, and other objects of nature," Emory said. "I never have done that before. It really was keen!"

"I liked the hikes through the woods," Jim added. "I will remember the sounds and smell of the woods."

"I liked the brilliant stars at night," Roy said. "I'm glad I learned to know the constellations."

"I like to think of the cookouts, and the fun of eating on the sandy beach," Don said. "I especially liked the silvery path the moonlight made on the lake, and the birds' sleepy song just before dark."

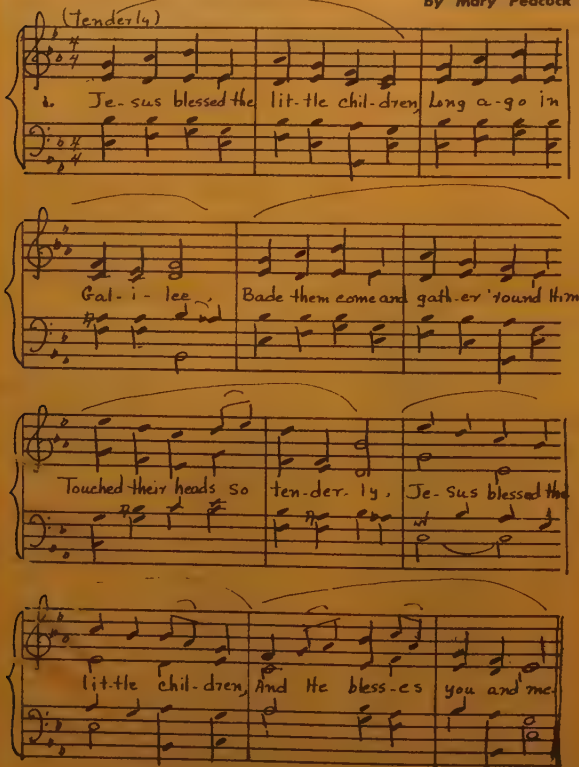
"I like to think of the talks we had each night just before getting into bed," Earl said quietly. "These times of talking and praying made us more like a family than anything else."

Jack listened, and agreed with all the boys, but in his mind another thought grew. "All these things have made me think of Jesus," he said, hesitantly. "During camp we have lived outdoors as he did; we have eaten and learned with friends as he did; we have worshiped and sung together. I like to think of Jesus when I think of camp."

The counselor smiled. "These are good thoughts. I will remember Jack's thought, and I, too, will think of Jesus when I think of camp." Suddenly, Jack was glad he had come to camp—more glad than he had ever been for anything!

#### Jesus and the Children

words and music  
by Mary Peacock



Here are two additional stanzas for the song:

2.

Jesus loved the little children,  
Long ago in Galilee;  
Placed his tender arms around them,  
Held them gently on his knee.  
Jesus loved the little children,  
And he loves both you and me.

3.

Jesus loves us, ever, always;  
Oh, may we love Jesus, too!  
Follow him and try to serve him,  
Honor him in all we do.  
Just as Jesus loves his children,  
So may we love Jesus, too.

#### A Bible Passage

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,  
because he has anointed me to preach good news  
to the poor.  
He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives  
and recovering of sight to the blind,  
to set at liberty those who are oppressed,  
to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."  
And he (Jesus) began to say to them, "Today this  
scripture has been fulfilled in your hearing."—Luke  
4:18-19, 21.



## God Made Everything

Summer, winter, autumn, spring,  
God made these and everything.  
Flowers and grass and big, big  
trees,  
Rivers, oceans, lakes, and seas,  
Mountains spreading wide and  
high,  
Sun and moon and stars and sky,  
Everything both large and small,  
God, our Father, made them all.

—FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

## Jesus Loves Children

When Jesus walked beside the sea  
And children found him there,  
He smiled, perhaps he sang to  
them;  
He gave them loving care.  
I'm sure he cares for children now  
As much as long ago;  
He wishes us to love him, too,  
The Bible tells us so.

—FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

# FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

**Call to Worship:** Jesus of Nazareth . . . went about doing good.  
—Acts 10:38.

**Song:** Use the one printed on this page, or choose one of the following: "Jesus, Our Friend," Primary Pupil's Book, Year One, Winter Quarter, page 5; "The Children's Friend," Primary Pupil's Book, Year One, Summer Quarter, page 22; "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus," Primary Pupil's Book, Year One, Summer Quarter, page 33; "I Would Follow Jesus," Primary Pupil's Book, Year Two, Winter Quarter, page 35; "Jesus the Teacher," Primary Pupil's Book, Year Two, Spring Quarter, page 33; "O Master of the Loving Heart," Junior Pupil's Book, Year One, Winter Quarter, page 18;

"Always My Friend," Junior Pupil's Book, Year One, Spring Quarter, page 6; "Fairest Lord Jesus," Junior Pupil's Book, Year One, Summer Quarter, page 40.

**Meditation:** Choose a favorite scripture passage about Jesus and plan your own meditation upon it or use one of the following: "God's Love and Care," Primary Pupil's Book, Year One, Fall Quarter, page 20; "Learning from Jesus," Primary Pupil's Book, Year One, Summer Quarter, page 37; "The Children's Friend," Primary Pupil's Book, Year One, Summer Quarter, page 20.

**Poem:** Use one of those printed on these pages or choose from the following: "The Loving Jesus Is My Friend," Primary Pupil's Book, Year One, Summer Quarter, page 30; "When Jesus Was a Child Like Me," Primary Pupil's Book, Year Two, Winter Quarter, page 13; "I Like to Think of Jesus," Primary Pupil's Book, Year Two, Spring Quarter, page 13; "When Jesus Walked This Earth," Primary Pupil's Book, Year Three, Summer Quarter, page 27; "Brother of All the World," Junior Pupil's Book, Year Three, Spring Quarter, page 7.

**Prayer:** Dear Father, we are glad for Jesus who went about doing good. We are glad for the Bible with its stories about him. We like to think of all the kind, loving, and helpful things he did, and to remember that he was the friend of all. Help us, as we think of him, to be more like him. Amen.

**Story:** Have each one who cares to do so recall a favorite story of Jesus, and share it with the group; or the leader of this worship service may begin to tell a well-known story of Jesus, then call on another to add to it, letting several persons share in the telling, according to their age and ability.

**Song:** Close the period of worship with a favorite song, or choose another one from the list given above.







photo by erb

A home in which parents and teen-agers enjoy one another and try to live together harmoniously is to be commended.

# Open the Door to Your Teen-ager

Teen-agers need understanding parents. They need parents who can hold open the door to maturity with courage and with sympathy. Here in these neither-nor, last-chance, in-between years, the boy and girl blessed with understanding parents can walk unafraid into the land of the adult.

For the world of the teen-ager is a topsy-turvy world.

One day the daughter is sewing doll clothes; the next day she is mooning over a thrice-married movie star. One day the son spends hours making a boat; the next day he stomps on it and threatens to leave home.

The daughter begs to bake cookies and then demands that the family hire a cook. The son leaves his bicycle sprawling in the drive and then pesters his father for a newer and bigger car.

Such a topsy-turvy world needs understanding.

The world of the teen-ager is a world of extremes.

The teen-ager blows hot or cold, meek or furious, arrogant or timid. His head is in the clouds, or he is down in the dumps. He either lies on his bed and "thinks," or he rushes and jumps and bounces. One day he has loads of pals; the next day he is sure everyone hates him.

Such a world needs understanding.

The world of the teen-ager is a world of newness.

He himself is new. He has new thoughts, new feelings, and new looks. His body is changing into something different. He sees himself turning into somebody he hopes he will like, but he is not sure. The girls his age have looked new for some time now. Once in a while he glances at his parents, and they seem new, almost like people in a nice book. Adolescence is a time of newness.

Such a world needs understanding.

The world of the teen-ager is a world of struggle.

The youth is forced into the freedom of adulthood when he longs for the protection of childhood. He loves his parents, but he must leave them. He fights for independence and simultaneously longs for family security. Parental ties are strong, but he instinctively knows they will be broken. Indeed he must help break them. Conflicts are the world of the teen-ager.

Such a world needs understanding.

An understanding parent is as necessary to the youth as the food and shelter his parents are morally and legally obligated to provide. Often the under-



standing of the parent is the difference between the making of a surly and irresponsible person or the making of a happy and responsible person who is a credit to the society he shares.

The family has the first chance to open the door of understanding. Schools, churches, and community forces have their effects upon the teen-ager, and sometimes they are the only refuge available. The first line of defense, however, is the family.

The youth has been in the home from the beginning, and it is from the home base that he ventures into the adult world. It is the home base that gives him a sure footing, a helping hand, a kind word, a gentle thrust into the future.

To be father or mother, to be provider, to be protector, is not enough. The parent must be understanding. He must be ready to guide, as well as to guard.

Are there any rules for the understanding of teen-agers? It has been said that the path of the parent is a tricky one. Dr. Marynia Farnham in her book *The Adolescent*, says parenthood requires "a willing-

*The understanding parent is the knowing parent.*

Next, a step toward the ability to understand teen-agers is the readiness of the father and mother to play the role of parent. This is the role of authority, and many fathers and mothers sidestep this for fear of losing the youth too soon.

Many a parent is wishy-washy when it comes to laying down rules of behavior. The parent forgets he is a parent, charged with the responsibility of giving moral support. He will not impose his just authority, and thus he becomes less than a parent.

The parent who is too lenient or indulgent is usually reliving his own adolescence and cannot supply the strength the teen-ager needs. When the parent refuses to act like a parent, he has lost entire control of the situation, and no understanding can possibly result.

During a PTA discussion concerning late hours among teen-agers, several parents were shocked at what was happening to their children after the school dances. One brave father stood up and stunned the group into silence by saying, "These things couldn't

## Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups, by Alpha Mell Stuart

# Learn to understand him and help him in the process of changing from a child into a young adult.

ness to see with the inner eye and understand with the heart."

It would seem that one of the first steps toward understanding a teen-ager would be the study of the personality of the youngster himself. This begins, not with the teen years, but with infancy. The parent must become involved with his child from the very first. He cannot leave his job to chance or to outsiders or to agencies, but he must take upon himself the task of knowing the physical, the mental, the social, and the spiritual progress of his child.

Every parent can learn what makes his child do this or not do that. True, he has to discriminate and choose from all the advice that flows freely. But there is reliable help in many forms, and the earnest parent seeks until he finds it.

Knowing the why and what and how of the child in general gives the parent a head start on knowing the why and what and how of his own child. Nothing can take the place of familiarity with the road before travel, and this is also true of understanding children. When the parent knows his own youngster, he can look ahead and ride smoothly over what would be a pitfall for the unknowing parent.

happen if you insisted that your boy or girl be home at a decent hour."

The clincher here is that teen-agers like discipline. They will never admit it, but they do not choose to do without it.

Discipline bestowed by the parent and bestowed with love is discipline which the youngster craves. Discipline is a lighthouse in a storm, a marker in a forest, a rule in a game. From the moral values of his parents, the teen-ager forms his own standards of conduct. The teen-ager must have discipline.

To deny discipline to the teen-ager is to neglect him. It is a form of abandonment. The youth who is left to make all his own decisions when he has no experience to fall back on might as well be without parents. There is a break here between the child and the family, and there is no fiber for understanding.

*The understanding parent is the strong parent.*

A third step in the process of understanding the teen-ager is the difficult one of trusting him. This is difficult because the loving parent has had the day by day, year by year charge of the helpless baby and the dependent child. Now he must let go the



reins a little and put trust in the boy-into-man and the girl-into-woman.

The trusting parent dispenses trust slowly at first and then generously. He expects the youth to assume responsibility, as well as to receive privileges. He teaches that nothing is free, not even freedom. Since trust must be earned, it is all the more precious.

A trust that is measured to the age and ability of the youth and directed wisely is a trust that can be carried to success. The teen-ager who is trusted has respect for himself and for the family that places the confidence.

Where there is trust between parent and youth,

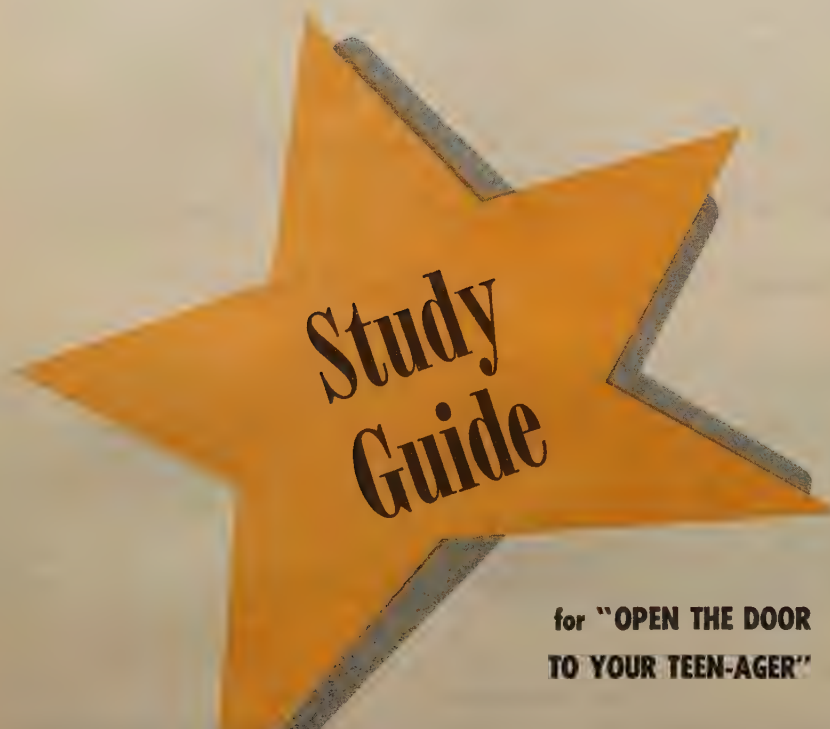
there is a slackening of tension and there is a family bond of love instead of fear. Here lies understanding.

*The understanding parent is the trusting parent.*

The door to adulthood, if held open by a knowing and strong and trusting parent, is one that is entered by the teen-ager with assurance.

Maturity will be reached with a minimum of anguish and a maximum of delight. The parent and the youth are both victorious. Once again the cycle is set for another successful family to be built from the foundations of the old.

Open the door to your teen-ager.



# Study Guide

## for "OPEN THE DOOR TO YOUR TEEN-AGER"

### I. The Leader's Preparation

There are excellent resources in the public library (and many church and school libraries as well) for the study of adolescence. The leader should read several reliable books and articles, bearing in mind the steps for understanding the teen-ager as presented in the study article.

If the leader is acquainted with several workers with youth, it might be helpful to sound them out on the teen-ager and his parent and their problem of understanding each other. The ideas of these youth leaders should be valuable as well as refreshing. Their viewpoints will represent neutral ground and will give the leader a different but important perspective.

Such persons as a physical education director, a Scout leader, a church group sponsor, or a well-liked schoolteacher might be consulted. Be sure the person you interview is well balanced, well respected, and well grounded in Christian principles. A large order? Yes, but one

that will be rewarding as you prepare for a proper study of the teen-ager.

The leader's attitude should be examined at this point. Ask yourself: Do I understand the teen-ager better than I did when I began this study? Is he a real, live person to me or just a statistic in the newspapers? Do I honestly want to help him and his parents toward mutual understanding?

After thorough study and thorough self-examination, the leader is ready to work out the program details.

### II. Suggested Procedures

A meeting that is creative is an interesting meeting. There is response from those present, and there is a feeling of accomplishment. Everyone shares in the success.

The leader should consider various types of programs and should choose one that has elements of originality and surprise. Discard any method that the group has used in recent meetings and plan to make your program different.

If you are well prepared in your subject matter and if you bring enthusiasm and creativity with you, the program will be a successful one.

Here are some ideas:

1. As a starter and attention-getter, have a scrapbook of cartoons about teen-agers circulating around the room. You can compile this scrapbook in a short while, using newspapers, magazines, and youth periodicals for material. One cartoon to a page will make a good-sized book. Let the first arrivals see the cartoons and pass them on to others before the program begins. The cartoons will provoke laughter, but more important, they will provoke sympathy for the teen-ager and his parents—a perfect springboard for your opening remarks.

2. Arrange a display of magazines from the past four decades, all open to page advertisements of young people's activities. Hold up each magazine and comment briefly on the picture, always concluding that the teen-ager of the 20's or 30's or 40's had the same basic problems with his parents as the teen-ager of the 50's. Your public library will lend you the magazines, preferably youth publications such as *Boy's Life*, *The American Girl*, or the old *Youth's Companion*. Popular family weeklies will also be a good source for pictures. One or two pictures for each decade will be plenty. Keep this activity short and fast paced. It is not your program proper.

3. With a cast of three—grandmother, mother, and teen-ager—act out the familiar theme, "Things aren't the same as they were when I was a girl." This may be rehearsed beforehand, and a few props may be needed. Be sure the skit brings out the fact that times may change, but youth has the same problems in any generation. This play should be very brief, perhaps only three characteristic speeches. It should be merely an ice breaker and an entree to the program.

### III. Questions for Discussion

When the group is alerted to the subject by any of the foregoing methods, or by some original idea of the leader,



it is time to proceed to the discussion portion of the program.

State the question clearly and then tell in a sentence or two how the study article dealt with it. Ask for opinions or personal experiences but try to avoid lengthy reminiscences. A discussion should be crisp and fresh. Do not wear out any one question but proceed to the next. It is better to touch on all the questions than to dwell too long on one or two. The purpose here is to take the points of the study article and pin them down so your listeners will take home some positive and useful ideas toward a better understanding of their teen-agers.

- Typical questions are the following:
- 1. How does the teen-ager's world differ from babyhood? From childhood?
  - 2. What is meant by the adolescent world of extremes? Of newness? Of struggle? Characterize them.

- 3. Why must understanding of the teen-ager begin with the family?
- 4. Why is it important for the parent to know the physical, mental, social, and spiritual growth of his child?
- 5. What does a strong parent accomplish for his child?
- 6. How does discipline contribute toward understanding between the parent and the teen-ager?
- 7. Give true examples of how young people react to discipline?
- 8. What does a parent require of the teen-ager when he trusts him?
- 9. What are some good results when the parent trusts the youth?
- 10. Review the three steps for learning how to understand teen-agers.

Conclude the discussion by asking each person to think of some instance in his own adolescence when his parents showed knowledge or firmness of trust. Call for

one testimony to illustrate each of the three.

Closing prayer: "Our Father, who called our Lord, 'My Beloved Son,' we are rich in thy material blessings, but we are poor in the understanding of our children. Give us knowledge, that we might strengthen them. Give us trust, that we might in turn trust them. Always, our dear Father, give to our children thy abiding love and watchfulness. In Jesus' name, Amen."

IV. Resource Material

Baruch, Dorothy W., *How to Live with Your Teen-ager*, McGraw-Hill, 1953, \$3.75.

Farnham, Marynia F., *The Adolescent*, Harper & Brothers, 1951, \$3.00.

Katz, Barney, *How to Be a Better Parent*, The Ronald Press Company, 1953, \$3.00.

Patri, Angelo, *How to Help Your* (Continued on page 28)

# BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

- A Fish catchers ----- 144 111 121 128 126
- B Lincoln's birth date ---- 131 71 52 4 21 78 2
- C Weeded the garden ----- 108 133 145 115
- D Descends quickly with folded wings, as a hawk -- 11 136 22 27 29 32
- E What sometimes happens to a tire ----- 60 19 138 77 40 86 24
- F Shivered, as the walls of Jericho ----- 134 116 18 105 142
- G Unfriendly ----- 25 44 37 49 91 45 31
- H Transgressed, or committed a wrong ----- 139 98 15 48 129 7
- I The organ of taste, or speech ----- 122 54 41 16 59 146
- J April Fool's day ----- 104 50 125 33 119
- K Word meaning pshaw, or nonsense ----- 85 113 124 101
- L The last commandment -- 107 140 130 100 43
- M Piled up ----- 67 62 10 28 135 20
- N To long for ----- 137 63 81 74 34 92
- O One of the poles ----- 120 76 106 143 132

P An enormous animal -----	51	5	64	53	12	141	39
Q A spread for bread -----	109	112	102	14			
R Independence Day -----	123	58	95	23	87	17	
S To beg, or plead -----	26	75	93	6	70	82	38
T The other pole -----	118	73	110	56	72		
U Newest -----	55	30	3	69	79	84	9 1
V Long curl of hair -----	57	8	99	42	61	90	88
W One who betrays his country -----	66	94	36	47	97	68	13
X Totaled, as a colmun of figures -----	117	35	46	103	65		
Y Boggy, or swampy -----	83	127	114	96	89	80	

(Solution on page 30)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
22	23		24	25	26		27	28	29
33	34	35		36		37	38	39	40
44	45	46		47	48		49	50	51
54	55		56	57	58	59	60	61	62
65		66	67	68	69	70		71	72
75	76	77		78	79	80		81	82
85	86	87		88	89	90	91	92	
96	97		98	99		100	101	102	103
106		107	108	109	110		111		112
	116	117	118	119		120	121	122	
126	127	128	129	130		131	132	133	134
137	138		139	140	141	142		143	144



# SAFE LANDING

## SAFE LANDING

**A woman found  
superhuman  
strength  
to guide a boat  
on a stormy  
lake  
to safety**

**B**y afternoon the angry red of the morning sun had changed to sullen brassy yellow; the heat had become more intense; leaves hung limp and wilted. Even the birds had ceased to sing. "Heat-imps" danced on the wooden dock where two rowboats lay idle, their tie-ropes slack. A sturdy red one lazily embraced its own rosy reflection while the gray one seemed but a part of the lake itself, whose flat, unrippled surface looked like molten lead in a huge cauldron, grimly guarded by the crouching mountain.

The two boys eyed the red boat longingly as I started to untie the more easily handled gray one.

"Let's take the red boat, Mommy," teased Ronny.

"Let's take the wed one," lisped his small brother.

After a moment's hesitation, I replied. "O.K. Sailors, stow the dunnage."

After disposing of swimsuits and cookies, we left the dock, heading up the lake for the tiny beach where we went each afternoon to swim. My whole effort was centered on getting there as soon as possible, I rowed mechanically, with no thought other than of lining my course by a distant pine tree and the steeple of the village church.

A horrid stillness surrounded us. The dipping oars scarcely made a sound.

Passing abreast of a seldom-used storehouse, we noticed how the yellow glare of the sun lighted its windows until it appeared as though the whole interior were ablaze. It was the only building on that shore and for us, it marked the "halfway" line to the beach.

Ronny and Stephen, usually so lively, sat listless and indifferent until Ronny, leaning forward said, "Look, Mommy, at the big black cloud. How fast it moves; just like a train coming."

Startled, I turned quickly to look. He was right. It was moving like a train. Even as I looked, a sharp puff of wind caught the boat, spinning us around and at the same time roughening the water into choppy waves. The sun had disappeared, and with its shadowing, a dimness was blacking out the lake around us. Knowing only too well the rapid approach and terrifying force of those sudden mountain storms, I was frightened.

Realizing that I could never reach the beach before the wind caught us, an instant decision was necessary to decide where I should attempt to make a landing. The rough, rocky shoreline offered little choice. A short distance below us, there was a small deep sheltered cove inside a wooded point of ledge. I would try for that. With a silent prayer to God, that he would give me strength and guide us to a safe landing, I started rowing shoreward. At that minute the squall struck us with full force, and the lake looked like a raging sea. For a moment I thought the boat would capsize; it righted itself, but not before we had shipped some water. It handled well, and we made fair progress toward the seemingly distant cove. The force of the wind was dragging us sideways in spite of my efforts to prevent it. Were we to drift past the cove's narrow opening before I was close enough to shoot into its calmer water, we would have little chance

# SAFE LANDING



# SAFE LANDING

to make a landing for more than a mile. This was an alternative I dared not face. I had to make it. With God's help, I would. A quick check over my shoulder assured me that barring an increase in the wind, I could do it. We were shipping considerable water, but the boys were sitting quietly at the bottom of the boat, their discomfort unheeded in their fear.

Little by little we crept nearer to the rocky point, but the murkiness and flying spray made it hard to see much in the momentary glances that I dared allow myself. Nearing the rocks, I braced my feet to make a quick swing around the wooded point. Another minute or two would see us out of danger—I thought—and I pulled with all my fast-ebbing strength. Looking again I was horrified to see that a boom of chained logs was stretched across the opening and extended clear to the corner of the warehouse wharf, filled with pulpwood logs.

I swung the boat sharply to avoid driving head on into the boom, scraping the logs in turning. The sudden swerve caused us to ship more water. To "ride the boom" was out of the question with the keel-type boat that I was using, even had I dared risk a passage through those wildly tossing logs.

To be so near the shore and helpless to reach it caused me to falter momentarily. I had exhausted my strength in that final spurt to swing around the point. I made no further effort, at the moment, to row. We were drifting toward the storehouse wharf as I hunted frantically up and down the shore for another opening, merely keep-

ing the boat with the wind. It was then that I remembered the greasy slip at the end of the warehouse wharf. If I could swing the boat into that, perhaps . . . ? It was worth a try in any case. The boat was not moving so fast; the partial protection of the high shore and the weight of the water had made a difference. Again I prayed silently for help and guidance.

Foot by foot, against a mauling wind that clawed at the boat and us, I pulled toward the opening. With one last supreme effort I swung the boat at a sharp angle, felt it lift and slide into the dock even as the side crashed and buckled against the guardrail, tossing us in a heap to the side of the boat.

Miraculously, I felt the boat dragged up beyond the reach of water and onto the wharf. Strong arms reached down, untangling us and carrying us into the shelter of the building out of that wind. That this might be one of those rare occasions when a clerk was checking supplies at the company warehouse, had not occurred to me. From a window in the loft he had seen the coming squall and with powerful glasses had scanned the lake to see if any boats were out. The murky, spray-filled air made vision tricky, but the bright red boat had shown against the gray water like a bobbing toy. Knowing that with the boom closed I would have to try the warehouse slip, the clerk had summoned aid to haul us in.

My tired heart was filled with thanks to God for giving me strength and wisdom to guide the boat and its precious occupants to a safe landing.

SAFE  
LANDING

BY

MONA

WYSE

COLE

SAFE LANDING



## ● What Freddy Found at the Fair

(Continued from page 18)

brushed into curls and the shiny black satin ones. Hanging overhead were rows of colored rosettes and ribbons with gold writing on them.

"Lift me up, Grandfather," Freddy said. "I want to see."

"You can see," Grandfather said. "Look at the calves over there."

"But I want to see those," said Freddy pointing to the ribbons. "Do you think Grandmother would like one for a present?"

"They mean the cattle won prizes," said Grandfather. "We can't buy those, Freddy. We'll find something else." They started toward the farm machine exhibit.

But just then Freddy cried out. "My dollar, Grandfather, my dollar! It's gone! I've lost it! Now how can I buy Grandmother's present?" And he tearfully showed Grandfather his finger sticking through a hole in his jean pocket.

"Maybe I can help you," said Grandfather.

"No, that's not the same." Freddy tried not to cry. He walked forlornly by Grandfather's side and didn't even see the big Ferris wheel as they passed by. But Grandfather did.

"Now here's something for a boy who always wants to be so high," he said. "Let's go up."

What a ride! Freddy held fast to the rail in front of him as the little car swung to and fro, and right on top, they stopped. Freddy could see all over the fair, away out to where the car tops shone like glass in the parking lot; and even beyond to a big field of blue lupines. When he had passed them on the ground, he had been so busy trying to look at things above him he hadn't seen them.

"Grandfather," he pointed excitedly to the field. "I've found a present for Grandmother—those blue flowers. May I pick some? A big bunch?"

"On the way out," smiled Grandfather as the ride ended. "We'll go soon now. But first I want to see about that tractor. Will you wait under this tree?"

So Freddy sat down. Soon he rolled over on his stomach and lay out flat. There was a big ant hill before him with a long stream of ants going in and out.

Watching them, Freddy thought, "I'd like to see what's inside." As he looked around for something to dig with, his eye caught a shiny black stone. He dusted it off and looked up to see Grandfather standing over him.

Freddy held up the stone. "I was going to dig in the ant hill to see the inside," he said.

"Why, Freddy, that looks like an old Indiana obsidian arrowhead," said Grandfather. "There are not many of those around any more. You're a lucky boy."

"I'll give it to you, and then when I get the blue flowers, you and Grandmother both will have a present," said Freddy. "Two things I've found. I am lucky."

So Grandfather put the arrowhead in his pocket, because Freddy's had a hole in it, and they started to get the flowers.

They were nearly at the gates when the cattle were led out for the judging. They came out in a long line, big squat brown heifers with square white faces, and bulls with thick rings in their noses. But this time Freddy didn't see the things up high. This time he was looking at the ground where a small fluffy duckling was waddling between the legs of the Herefords.

"Oh, Grandfather! May I have him? May I, please?" Freddy reached down to stroke the duckling's soft fur.

"You sure may," said the man with the cattle. "He'll be gone in a minute if he stays around here. Get him up where he'll be safe."

So Freddy went home with an arrowhead, a bunch of blue flowers, and a baby duckling.

"Three things I found," said Freddy happily. "No, four."

"What's the fourth?" asked Grandfather.

"I found it in my head. It's a rhyme I made up," answered Freddy. "It says:

'It doesn't matter if I'm high or low,  
There's lots to see wherever I go.'"

They climbed into the truck.

"That's a good find," laughed Grandfather. "And I bet it's the one you'll use most."

## ● This Is the Way We Travel

(Continued from page 12)

With so many interesting duties to keep them occupied, the trip didn't seem long to the children. When we arrived at our destination, Ann asked in surprise, "Are we there already?"

On our return trip we tried out another new idea. Instead of staying until the last minute and then having to rush back, arriving home all tired out, we started a day early. We came back the same route, but to break the monotony of the trip, we stopped often. We took a two-hour stop in one city to visit a zoo. The children enjoyed this little side-trip very much. Then late one afternoon as we were passing a well-known university, we stopped to stroll over the campus. The youngsters were amazed how much larger this great institution of higher learning was than their own elementary school. It must have made quite a lasting impression for ever since they have become very "college minded" and discuss which college they want to attend some day.

The last day of our trip we stopped several more times to look at historic monuments we noticed along the way. These breaks and rest periods in our trip again seemed to shorten instead of lengthen the homeward drive. We

arrived home not feeling tired at all, but truly refreshed. And this time we didn't say, "Goodness, I'm glad this trip is finally over." Instead, we started planning where we would go on our next trip!

## ● Study Guide

(Continued from page 25)

*Child Grow Up*, Rand McNally & Company, 1948, \$4.00.

Strain, Frances Bruce, *But You Don't Understand*, Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., 1950, \$2.50.

Pamphlet

Duvall, Evelyn Millis, *Keeping Up With Teen-agers*, Public Affairs Pamphlets, No. 127, New York, 25¢.

## ● Christian Family, Eastern U.S.A.

(Continued from page 3)

in a circle on the floor wearing jeans and furrowed brows."

"—But we've also tried to teach them not to take too intensely unimportant events in their lives, matters which will iron themselves out," Mr. Curtis says. He turns affectionately to his wife. "And there are times when I've felt they haven't taken us too seriously. Remember when the boys were popped into bed, and I gave them a couple of sound whacks apiece. The covers were pulled over their heads. I saw the heaving little shoulders and thought, 'I'm a brute.' Pulling down the blankets to comfort the boys, I saw that I hadn't slapped hard enough. They were laughing at me."

Mrs. Curtis smiles with him. The humor and tolerance of their personalities have helped develop similar traits in their children. Around the holidays the house resembles a United Nations in embryo. Guests of the younger members of the family are from all countries, all sorts of homes.

Each day, visitors or not, has its period of family devotions. "To live fully and without fear, one must have a sense of something larger than oneself," Mrs. Curtis says gravely.

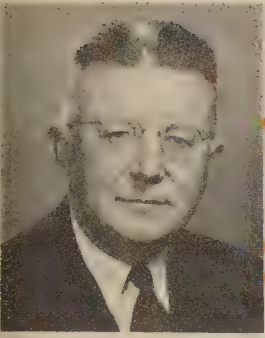
They face the existence of world problems. About the threat of atomic warfare, Mr. Curtis has this to say: "As an engineer I believe that the practice of science has outdistanced the practice of religion. It's up to us to make up this difference—immediately and consistently."

It is significant that he uses the word "we." Although he and his wife disclaim a dogmatic method for developing a Christian family beloved and respected by the community, the fact that there has been a definite pattern in their behavior is apparent to the observer.

"We've never sent our youngsters to church school," Mr. Curtis remarks. "We've always taken them."

Like the best teachers of Christian living, the Curtises teach by example.





# Family Counselor

**I** HAVE a question I would like very much for you to answer and it is this: I have a thirteen-year-old daughter who is fine as can be but she has a habit of talking back to me which hurts me very much. She also gets depressed very easily if everything doesn't go her way. Will you please help me? I will appreciate it so much.

**I** T IS not surprising that you should be hurt by the fact that your thirteen-year-old daughter talks back to you. Boys and girls sometimes forget that "parents are people, too," whose feelings can be hurt. And I am sure there are parents who take the position that under no circumstances should talking back by adolescents be countenanced, that parents should demand respect from their children, and that appropriate punishment should be given if it is not forthcoming.

There are other parents, however, who are not quite so quick to condemn unsparingly their boys and girls for what outwardly, at least, seems to be very disrespectful behavior. They don't enjoy being talked back to, but they try to understand adolescent behavior and problems.

They recognize, for example, that sometimes the physical changes occurring tend to make their boys and girls moody, everything being "wonderful" today, and "terrible" tomorrow. They realize that in their overwhelming desire to rate with their peers, to belong to a group, and to make good in their away-from-home contacts, boys and girls tend to get tense and to magnify any fancied slights from others, or failures of their own. They sense the fact that when deeply disappointed, their children are likely to feel resentful toward life in general and toward themselves as well.

The adolescent must have an opportunity to "blow off steam," to express his hostilities, to let loose his inhibitions. If he feels secure in the family picture, if he is certain of the love and understanding of his parents, he may talk back to them as a way of getting rid of his hostilities. In a sense, the fact that an adolescent feels free to talk back to a parent is a compliment to the parent.

And parents who realize that this is happening try to be patient. They try to remember that some of

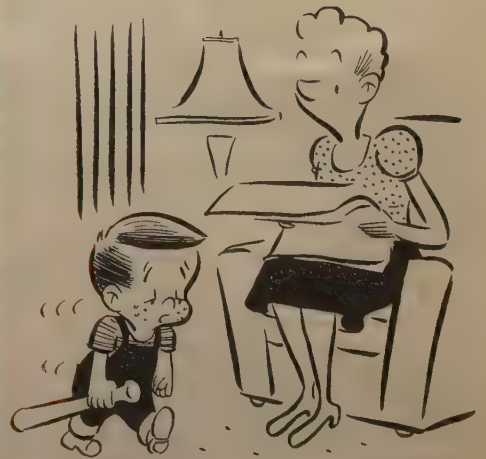
the talking back is this "blowing off steam" and is not primarily a disrespectful attitude toward them. They would rather their children give vent to their hostilities in the home than to bottle them up within themselves or give expression to them in antisocial acts outside of the home.

What has just been said should not be construed as an argument for letting adolescent boys and girls give unrestricted reign to their feelings, or that they need no guidance. Adolescents need to develop inner disciplines, to learn consideration for others, and to recognize their contribution to wholesome family life. They are most likely to develop these qualities if parents are understanding and patient, albeit firm in situations that call for guidance and direction.

Be on the lookout for a time when you and your daughter feel unusually close. Discuss her tendency to talk back to you and how it does hurt, even though you try to understand the reasons for it. If your daughter realizes you are trying to be patient and understanding, she is likely to co-operate by trying to overcome the habit of talking back.

*Donald M. Maynard*

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R



*Panda*

"They traded me to the Oak Street Tigers for three lollipops."



# The Royal Treatment for Shut-in Birthdays

Perhaps nothing disappoints a child more than being confined to bed on his birthday. Especially if he isn't very sick.

We had such a situation when our eight-year-old Louise was convalescing on her birthday. The party she had planned for months had to be called off, and the doctor wouldn't even permit her to be out of bed to join the family even though her temperature was down, and she felt peppy and normal again.

Seeing the dejection and sadness

in her peeked little face spurred me on to "do something" to make her birthday memorable even if it did have to be a bedside event.

I took inspiration from the radio program called, "Queen for a Day," and asked Louise, "How would *you* like to be Queen for a day . . . the day of your birthday?"

A broad smile spread across Louise's face. Her eyes were wide with anticipation.

With that signal from her I went to work cutting out a crown

from light-weight cardboard and painted it with fast drying gilt. As soon as it was dry, I placed it on her head with the words: "I, your mother, pronounce you, Birthday Queen!"

Dad and older brother Jim were informed about the "event" and thought it was a fine idea.

As a result of this basic idea Louise's birthday was a happy day despite the handicap of convalescence. She was served on company dishes. Jim played Tic-Tac-Toe with her as many games as she wanted. Dad ran the home movies of the church school picnic twice (instead of the usual once). Kitty was allowed to "keep her company" (usually not allowed in her room), and I read the stories she most wanted to hear.

Louise still refers to her Queen Birthday as the best birthday she ever had.

If your child has the unpleasant experience of being bedfast on his birthday, why not turn the situation into a pleasant one by giving the royal treatment and establishing a King or a Queen in your household for a day?

## A Mother's Daily Prayer

(To be prayed in entirety to start the day, and in snatches as the day's activities demand)

*Our Father, who art in heaven, Father of us all in this house, and of all families everywhere.*

*Hallowed by thy name. Reign over our home today. Clothe it in thy holiness.*

*Thy Kingdom come, in me, in us. As I serve my little ones this day, cause me to remember Jesus' words, "Of such is the Kingdom."*

*Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven, thy will for me as a mother. Banish the indulgence of past pleasures, and dim the glitter of careers I might have had. Help me to concentrate on the here and now.*

*Give us this day our daily bread. Sustain us in mind, spirit, and body as we stand before a whole new day—a day not yet taken form, nor marred, nor regretted—irenic and pure.*

*Forgive me my trespasses. Save me from rash words, from impatience with dawdling at dressing, from anger at spilt milk on a clean floor.*

*Lead me not into temptation to be obsessed by things, to do only the immediately necessary job, to shove aside a little one's repeated questions.*

*Deliver me from evil of discontent with a housewife's anonymity. Remind me that mine is the greatest business in the world.*

*For thine is the Kingdom and the power and the glory. Whatever crisis this day shall bring, I know thy power will be more than enough to meet it. Help me to do all things as unto Thee.*

*Forever and ever. I will find comfort in the assurance that the love poured into this day shall not slip away but will return manifold in my children and children's children.*

*Amen.*

—JEAN B. HAMM

## BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

(Biblegram on page 25)

**SOLUTION:** "The Lord is a stronghold for the oppressed, a stronghold in times of trouble. And those who know thy name put their trust in thee, for thou, O Lord, hast not forsaken those who seek thee." (Psalm 9:9-10)

### The Words

A Hooks	M Heaped
B Twelfth	N Hanker
C Hoed	O North
D Swoops	P Monster
E Blowout	Q Oleo
F Shook	R Fourth
G Hostile	S Entreat
H Sinned	T South
I Tongue	U Freshest
J First	V Ringlet
K Pooh	W Traitor
L Tenth	X Added

Y Marshy



# BOOKS

## for the Hearthside

### For Adults

Do you know why you say what you do? Not all but many of the answers are given in **Why You Say It**, by Webb B. Garrison (Abingdon Press, Nashville, 1955. 448 pages. Price, \$3.95). Here are more than 700 accounts of the backgrounds of words and phrases which you use every day. Learning about words and their history can be lots of fun. Your family will enjoy using this book together in a number of ways. Under twenty-four classifications these word-stories are offered for your interest and enjoyment. A few of the words whose origins you will find related are Apple-Pie Order, Big Head, Chew the Fat, Dog Days, Kick the Bucket, Pass the Buck, Run Riot, and Funny Bone.

Perhaps you can not do much about the weather, but you can get some fun (and information) out of it if you read **Warmer Weather! . . . Boom in North**, by William J. Baxter, with cartoons by Virgil Partch (International Economic Research Bureau, New York, 1955. Price \$1.00) This is a sequel to *Today's Revolution in Weather*. With all of its humor, however, the book has a serious message, the gist of which is found in the preface: "We are in a long-time hot and dry weather cycle that will last beyond the lives of this generation."

### BIBLE BOOK OF THE MONTH



Revelation is the Bible book of the month of August. This book, written in symbols and figures that are strange to us, meant much more to those who read it first. (1) What crisis in the Christian movement called forth this book?

### For Youth

An excellent book for teen-age girls especially.

**Down Bayberry Lane**, by Helen Girvan (The Westminster Press, 204 pages. Price, \$2.75)

Fay Cromwell and her mother return from Europe, where they have been living for many years. Because her mother is ill and must go to a sanitarium, Fay is sent to the home of her maternal grandparents on Cape Cod.

There she meets Larry, her brother, whom she has not seen since she was a small girl. Fay's parents were divorced when Fay was little, and Larry has lived with his father.

Larry is sure that Fay is a useless, spoiled brat, since their mother inherited a large fortune which she has lavished on herself and her only daughter. Fay is sure that the two will never get along. Larry feels that his mother was the cause of the divorce, and Fay feels that her father was at fault.

Fay gets a summer job in an antique shop. When a friend is accused of stealing a valuable piece of Sandwich glass, she and Larry join forces to untangle the mystery.

The summer which Fay had dreaded turns out to be a memorable one. Fay learns the reason for her parents' divorce, and a lot of family misunderstandings are extirpated.

**Vagabond Summer** by Anne Emery (The Westminster Press, 183 pages. Price, \$2.50)

Like many young people 17-year-old Peg Madison doesn't know what she wants to do with her life. She is talented in art, but she doesn't take it seriously. She draws mostly "for fun."

When a friend casually suggests that Peg take a hostel trip to satisfy her adventuresome nature, she is enthusiastic. With money she has saved plus money which her father has promised to give her if she can save money of her own, Peg knows she can finance her trip.

Her parents consent, with a few misgivings, and Peg sets off on her hostel journey.

She leaves Chicago and runs into a few snags in Washington, D. C., when the hostel committee fail to meet her at the station; but the rest of the summer is a memorable one. The hostellers travel in comradeship to Colorado, Arizona, California, Oregon, Washington, Vancouver, Banff National Park, Montreal, and New York.

Peg meets a boy who brings forth her dormant art talent, and she learns what she wants to do with her life.



# Over the back fence



## ● Danger! Thin Ice Ahead!

August is no time to think about skating on thin ice. Or is it? At least it would offer some relief from the sweltering weather this month of the Roman Caesars usually gives us. Now to the point.

It is impossible to condemn too severely the policy of communism which is indicated in "The World at Your Front Door" on page 1. We refer to this sentence particularly: "Under Soviet regulations Christian children are being accepted in high schools only if they agree to live during the schooling period in state-operated youth centers which are strictly atheist and materialist in their orientation."

In other words it seems that Soviet schools are training grounds for atheism and materialism. Most of us shudder at the thought of this compulsory system of indoctrination for irreligion.

Here is where the "thin ice" comes in. Are we in America skating on it in our own public school system?

*Hearthstone* does not go along with those in our country who are accusing public education of being godless. There is too much evidence to the contrary. We cannot, however, close our eyes to the fact that there are large numbers of people, even religious people, who would like to see the teaching of religion left completely out of our public schools. The logic of their position is first cousin to Communist policy, if not even more closely related.

Look at the logic of the matter. It can be expressed thus: Our schools teach the courses that are most important for life in our modern world. Religion is not taught. Therefore, religion is not important for modern living. That is

about the conclusion to which many children and young people come today. It is also the conclusion *which many of us have already accepted.*

In spite of the fact that over 60 per cent of the population of the United States claims affiliation with organized religious institutions, who would dare argue that a majority of that majority thinks or acts as though religion were really and vitally important? Take one illustration. We are told that 60 per cent of our citizens drink alcoholic beverages, moderately or immoderately. The 60 per cent that are "alcoholic" spend nearly ten billion dollars a year on their area of interest. The 60 per cent that are "religious" spend about two billion dollars annually as a witness to their estimate of the importance of religion.

This may be an oversimplification. It may be even exaggeration. It is not without a very real measure of justification. This is only one example of the measure of importance that Americans generally accord to religion.

What, then, shall we say? Space does not permit more than to point out that we as parents need to give greater thought to the place of religion in public education. *Hearthstone* respectfully suggests that this is an area which local PTA groups could well make the object of serious study during the coming year. It would be more valuable in the long run than debating the best ways to raise money to buy a new mimeograph for the office.

## ● Can You Worship While You Shop?

Again turn to page one of this magazine. Do you know of any shopping center in America where this is possible?

We read some time ago of a service station manager who built a small room for worship and meditation in his gasoline station. We have not seen a large suburban, or urban, shopping center so equipped. You can have a "pause that refreshes," a place to rest your weary feet and stuff your stomach.

Why not a "secret place to restore the soul"?

maedonald

HEARTHSTONE



# Poetry Page

## Calf, in the Morning

The lean boy tilted back his head to laugh  
And then he saw the wide eyes fill with fear  
And reached a brown hand out to stroke the calf,  
Who was so young on earth, so newly here.  
  
The small knees buckled but the red calf stood  
With ears up-pointed underneath the hand  
Which told him that the warm brown earth was good,  
In words a frightened calf could understand.  
  
Together then, they crossed the pasture lot,  
The calf's eyes burning with two drops of light,  
The boy asong with some strange tune he'd got  
To say he owned the earth—and well he might!

—Anobel Armour

## Man's Best Friend?

He gave a growl. "The usual bluff,"  
My wife was heard to remark.  
My pantleg is now minus a cuff.  
His bite was worse than his bark.

—Pat Cunningham

## Korea's Refugees

Some folks, far across the sea,  
Are not so lucky as you and me:  
Homeless people with bare feet  
Wander through Korean streets.  
  
Some are women, some are men.  
Some are children, small and thin.  
Driven from their homes by war,  
Sick and lonely, thin and poor.  
  
Please don't turn your back on them!  
Send them something, be their friend!

—Carol Louise Edwards  
(Age 10 Years)

## That's Flat!

The sound of romping  
Little feet  
Some think a charming  
One and sweet;

While others gladly  
Would forego it;  
These are the folks  
Who live below it!

—Ina S. Stovall





# He's One In Millions

To his Daddy, this little fellow is *the* one in a million. However, we have a different idea of how he fits into the statistical picture. He is one of 8 million children in the growing Protestant nursery- through junior-age church school group. In the last five years his group (nursery) has increased nearly 12% while kindergarten has jumped more than 15%; primary, 20%; and juniors more than 24%.

Because churches realize the importance of a sound Christian background, they start religious education when the parents first have a child with messages to parents of children under two. After two, there are colorful books to read to the child periodically, messages for parents, and guidebooks for his teachers. When he reaches Primary and Junior Age, the graded curriculum includes a quarterly pupil's book, a class picture set and activity material, a message to parents, and a guide book for the teacher.

For further information regarding these materials or examination copies, write to:

**CHRISTIAN BOARD  
OF PUBLICATION**  
Beaumont and Pine Blvd.  
Box 179, St. Louis 3, Mo.

**THE AMERICAN BAPTIST  
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